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CURRENT COMMENT.

WHATEVER may be the gifts which an "unscrupulous Providence" has bestowed upon the British and French Premiers, a turn for practical finance can hardly be rated among them. These imaginative gentlemen, in conference at Paris, have reached an agreement, not upon the total of the German indemnity, but upon the amount Germany will be expected to pay during the next forty-two years. Their modest demand calls for annual payments of from two to six billion dollars, progressing towards a grand total of \$55,500,000,000, and when that is paid, Germany's creditors may—perhaps, if they feel magnanimous—definitely fix the further amount which she will be expected to disgorge. Nor is this all: France is to be allowed for forty-two years a levy of twelve and one-half per cent on all German exports. This arrangement seems to be quite satisfactory to Mr. Lloyd George, moderately satisfactory to M. Briand—whose acquiescence seems to have been somewhat forced—and not at all satisfactory to M. Poincaré and his intransigent following. It is hardly likely to be satisfactory, either, to the German Government, without whose consent it can not become valid, since it exceeds the provisions of the Versailles Treaty.

THE one important factor conspicuously absent from this reckoning is common sense; and from this omission it may be supposed that Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand do not know common sense in matters of finance—at least where the question is one of German finance. The amount they have set out to collect from Germany in forty-two years is two-thirds the amount of Germany's pre-war wealth, and almost three times the amount of her post-war wealth as estimated recently by the National Savings Bank Association of New York. An annual payment of two billion dollars would amount to ten per cent of the present total wealth of the German Empire; while the maximum payment of six billion would exact from the German people each year, in indemnity alone, thirty per cent of their national wealth. When reconstruction-costs and other exactions of the Versailles Treaty are added to this amount, to say nothing of the proposed tax on exports, it becomes quite clear what the end would be. There would soon be no exports to tax; for German industry would inevitably cease to function under such conditions. By the same token, there would be no indemnity pay-

ments made, because there would be nothing to make them with. In short, Germany would become, as Austria has become, a charge on foreign charity; and the German Government, like the Austrian Government, would be obliged to turn German affairs over to the Allies—unless, indeed, it should be obliged to turn them over to revolutionary leaders.

BUT the people with whom Germany has to deal are apparently very little concerned with actual conditions. The attitude and logic of the extremist element in France is well exemplified in a recent article by M. Poincaré, its recognized leader. "Germany," he says, "complains of her misery, as if she were not the sole artisan of it. Poor Germany! She fell upon Belgium and France to seize for herself Antwerp, Briey, Toul and Verdun. . . . She shot innocent French people, led away women as hostages, condemned thousands of young people to humiliating labour. And now that she is, as she says, ruined in this task of civilizing Europe, she implores her victims to give up their claims against her." This sort of thing is all right, perhaps, as far as it goes, although it sounds a bit like the good old Allied war-propaganda of 1914-18; but it is entirely beside the present issue. Granting that Germany is as guilty as M. Poincaré says she is, or ten times or a hundred times as guilty, her guilt does not add one jot or tittle to her ability to pay. It is an economic condition that the Allies have to deal with in Germany at present, and not a mode of morals.

BUT really, is it not time to give decent or indecent burial—anything to get it away from the public's nostrils—to the infamous lying humbug that Germany was alone or even pre-eminently responsible for the war? It would be safe to say that there is not now in all Continental Europe a person of more than parochial information that believes it. Yet ex-President Poincaré is not ashamed once more to trot out this spavined, vicious-eyed hobby of the propagandist and ride it before all the world; a feat that we think even Mr. Lloyd George would not attempt again, even with bucking-straps and a Spanish bit. Is Paris the only place left in the world where the myth of the Mad Dog of Europe remains unexploded; where the Sazonov documents have not been published; where the books of Lord Fisher, Lord Loreburn, Lord Haldane, are not read? Has Paris forgotten M. Poincaré's own personal visit to Petrograd in July, 1914, and the record of his diplomatic negotiations on that occasion? The French mind has always been justly praised for its logic and lucidity, but if it permits this miserable imposition of M. Poincaré to carry through, we must say that it has lost character.

THE way of disarmament is hard. The Borah resolution calling for conferences with Great Britain and Japan to discuss a naval holiday, is said to have struck a snag, in the form of an intimation that such conferences would be embarrassing to the British Government at this time. Our impression was that all this current talk of a naval holiday really began in England; certainly the news lately has conveyed a sense of profound British conviction that humanitarian principles required a reduction of naval armaments, since Great Britain could no longer afford to compete. Yet here we are, suddenly informed that our obliging attempts to meet this British sentiment are actually displeasing to the British Government; and

will the Senate please quash that resolution? No reason whatever is given for this unexpected hint, and busy guessers have related it to everything touching British affairs, from the League of Nations to the unemployment situation. Our own guess would be that its reaching the Senate through the unusual channel of an international banking-concern means something connected with the general system of international financial imperialism.

THE intimation itself will probably mean the side-tracking of the Borah resolution. There are a good many Senators and Representatives who will be glad to see this way out of a difficult situation; men who did not like the Borah resolution, but for political reasons hesitated to oppose it. Meanwhile the indefatigable Mr. Borah has secured the passage of a second resolution asking the Navy Department whether or not it would be wise to suspend action on the six battle-cruisers now under construction, and take six months to consider what sort of navy we had best build. Mr. Daniels says such suspension would be a "fatal mistake"; but he has ordered an investigation into the possibilities of air-craft and submarines as substitutes for capital ships. So there seems to be just a glimmering of hope that we may eventually stop investing millions of dollars in impressive and useless warships. This paper, however, would be considerably more hopeful if the matter were not one of such intimate concern to manufacturers of armour-plate.

MR. PALMER will be in office only one short month longer, but it looks as though that month might prove exciting. Mr. Untermeyer has lately brought serious charges against the official conduct of the Attorney General, both as Alien Property Custodian and as head of the Department of Justice. The Senate Judiciary Committee, on the motion of Mr. Walsh, has also begun to take a lively interest in Mr. Palmer's official record. It has rescued from its pigeon-holes the report of 28 March, 1920, on "Illegal Practices of the United States Department of Justice," and requested from the twelve lawyers who signed the report a reply to Mr. Palmer's answer thereto. The brief submitted by the twelve in compliance with this request leaves all the honours on their side for the present at least; and they seem likely to remain there. Mr. Palmer will have a difficult time explaining the activities of his Department, for if there has been one thing more evident than another, even to the layman, during the whole course of Mr. Palmer's career, it has been his arrogant disregard of law. This paper knows little of his work as Alien Property Custodian, but if he was as indifferent then to the fundamental rights of individuals as he has been during the past year, we should be disposed to think impeachment too good for him.

YET Mr. Palmer will never be impeached; he will only be investigated. Even if there were time to impeach him, there would be not the remotest chance of such a thing actually happening. Somehow or other, the Congress never gets that far; whether it be because executive officers are usually members of the majority party in Congress, or for some other reason. Mr. Palmer has set many dangerous precedents, no doubt, and those who charge him with law-breaking have made it clear that their concern is not so much to punish him as to set an example for his successors. This is a worthy purpose, certainly, and one with which all who are interested in individual liberty will sympathize; but while the executive Departments of our Government remain as irresponsible as they are to-day there is no good reason to suppose that their heads will necessarily consider themselves bound to show any more respect for law than Mr. Palmer has shown. A few rousing impeachment proceedings would undoubtedly have a wholesome effect on our arrogant bureaucracy, but there is not even a forlorn hope that such proceedings will ever take place; Congressional committees are too much disposed to accept specious explanations, or no explanations at all.

THE other day Senator France rose up and told our House of Lords that he thought America's outpourings of wisdom on the Russian question were more or less tainted at their Governmental source by British influence. When the brother-peers called for a bill of particulars, the Senator from Maryland made a very poor showing indeed; he even forgot to remark that if our State Department were really getting its orders by direct wire from Downing Street, it would comport itself exactly as it does at present. For our own part, we are not so much interested in the cause of this particular variety of official blundering, as in its results; and as far as we can make out, these results are about the sort that England should be willing to buy and pay for.

JUST as America had gotten the Soviet Ambassador nicely deported, Mr. Lloyd George sent Mr. Krassin off with another draft of the proposed trade-agreement between England and her ex-Ally. As far as we can make out, the terms as now published do not differ in any large way from those formulated last fall. Such being the case, one wonders what has been happening during all these months of diplomatic conversation. Perhaps the answer is that the final and public acceptance of the agreement has been purposely postponed by Mr. George's Government, in order that other countries might not be too violently stimulated to sit in on the Russian game before the British manufacturers and merchants had gotten all the cards marked according to their liking. The Britishers all know which way their Government is headed; hence they are well prepared to supplement the small trade already under way, with contracts contingent upon the satisfactory conclusion of official negotiations. Then, when all the little private arrangements have been completed, the word will perhaps be passed along that it is time to sign the papers.

WHILE Mr. Colby was playing around in the Southern hemisphere, the Latin American "situation" broke out again in a spot nearer home, this time with a declaration from President Obregon that Mexico wants recognition, but needs no international commissions to study her conditions, and no treaties to force her to meet her moral debts. This seems to mean that the new Executive does not propose to exchange even a little bit of Mexican sovereignty for a lot of American recognition. We find rich solace in this inference, for the language of the notes exchanged some time since by Robert Pesqueira and Secretary Colby had filled us with the fear that Mexico was about to sell out the sovereign control of her natural resources. Our State Department seems to consider Father Obregon's statement a very definite refusal of the proffered halter, and we are now informed that no further attempts at peaceful strangulation will be made during Mr. Wilson's official life-time. This is interesting enough, but we can not forget that at this very moment, Senator Fall, the Cicero of the next Mexican war, is touring around in quiet waters near Mexico, with one Warren G. Harding for a companion. If we were as Mexican as our sympathies are, we would give a good deal to know what it is that these gentlemen talk about, by the light of the tropical moon.

A GOODLY number of the sons of classic Italy appear at last to be taking Mark Twain's famous advice to throw off their indolent worthlessness and rob their Church. We have not heard of any silver bishops being dragged off to be melted into bullion; but we do hear that mobs of unemployed peasants have invaded the Tuscania Cathedral and looted the rich votive offerings left by generations of pilgrims. After this bold raid upon the sacred treasure, that dormant spirit of noble enterprise to which the American humorist appealed, seems to have been revived to such an extent that it vented itself in a fit of iconoclasm which led to the destruction of altars, crucifixes and sacred images. Nor is this spirit confined to one place, apparently. A similar weariness with the

unprofitable virtue of patient resignation is reported to be rather general; and other communities are visiting their disgust upon the images of their saints, much in the spirit of the venerable Italian who petitioned the Virgin, with floral offerings, for a visit from his son and cursed her outrageously when his prayer was denied.

HUNGARY is one of the few countries of Europe to be reconstructed since the war in a manner tolerably satisfactory to the Old Men of Versailles; and from Hungary there come now certain statistics that give a hint as to the quality of life in that reviving commonwealth. The unregenerate existence of pre-war days brought fifty or sixty Hungarians each year to a degree of satiety that obliged them to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them. Nowadays, the gun-sellers and the poisoners are doing a brisker business, for during the year 1920 more than five thousand Hungarians came to death by their own hand, and ten thousand more were haled back to life by officious rescuers. We hear much of the sufferings of little children in Central Europe, but the tragedy that crushes strong men has in it a yet more awful quality. Indeed a certain taint of ghouliness clings to a charity that nurtures uncomprehending childhood in an atmosphere that has strangled the souls of so many full-grown men and women.

WE had occasion last week to discuss the amount of French indebtedness to the Government and bankers of this country. This debt of \$3,100 million is really equivalent to a lien of that amount on the sympathies of the American people. It represents the most dangerous interest one nation can have in the status of another nation's Government; the kind of interest, for instance, that keeps the French Government squandering money on one forlorn Russian counter-revolutionary venture after another—because, forsooth, French bankers have a very substantial interest in the restoration of the old order in Russia. There is talk of floating yet another French loan in this country; and in the measure that our holdings of the French Government's bonds increase, our interest in the continued authority of that Government—however unacceptable it may become to its own people—will also increase. While we hold obligations of the French Government amounting to several billion dollars we shall have the same kind of interest in preserving the *status quo* in France as the bond-holders of the inter-Allied loan had in helping the Entente to overthrow its enemies.

IF one stops to think of it, the extent to which people are now organized upon the basis of their common dislikes and hatreds appears indeed remarkable. When a member of the staff of this paper paid a visit to England not so long ago, he found the rival plagues of anti-Romanism and anti-Semitism rampant among people whom he had once considered quite kindly and horse-sensible. Both of these manias are widely prevalent in the United States; and, since the war, anti-Semitism seems to have become particularly vigorous. In addition, we have chronic anti-African and anti-Oriental chills and fever, with more than our share of anti-Bolshevism by way of complication.

IN certain cases, one of these pet antagonisms has tended to cancel another; for instance, Supreme Knight Flaherty of the Knights of Columbus places Catholic-Jewish relations in an entirely new light when he says that "anti-Catholic and anti-Jewish prejudice is part of the Red campaign." In Russia, the Church turned anti-Semitism to service against radicalism; but here is an intimation of a tendency to join up with the Jews against the bolsheviks. But whatever bolshevism may be, it is hardly anti-Semitic, and consequently the Jews themselves are not likely to build any bonfires in honour of the Knights of Columbus. After all, the one uncompromising anti-everything organization seems to be the Ku Klux Klan. It is all for a Protestant, white America—which perhaps indicates that its members are prepared to go whole-heartedly about the

business of lynching Reds, Romanists, Japs, Jews, and even Negroes, as occasion may demand. Indeed the expansion of the order in the Northern States proves that it has lost its primitive simplicity, and has become an exponent of general, rather than of specialized terrorism.

As long as all the coal that is burned in this broad land is dragged up to the surface through a comparatively small number of holes in the ground, with a monopolistic rent-collector sitting at the mouth of each hole, the country will have a coal-problem, which will become, upon occasion, a coal-crisis. In spite of the unusual mildness of the winter, the current season seems to offer one of these auspicious occasions, and accordingly a great deal is being said and written about coal, particularly about its quantity and its price. For some obscure reason—perhaps because the people who tend their own fires are not eager to reveal the intimacies of their domestic experience—there is little comment upon the quality of the coal-merchant's wares. Hence, we express no opinion but our own, when we say that in the process of becoming scarce and expensive, the material which now bears the name of coal has also become indestructible.

THESE days, the business of stoking a grate involves almost as much carrying-out as carrying-in. The stuff that one lays fondly upon the flaming kindlings remains as cool and comfortable as the asbestos log in a gas-stove; when the supply of wood is exhausted, one removes the fire-proof material, carries it out to the ash can, and begins the process of reconstructing the fire from the grate up. If memory serves us, there used to be mountains of this black asbestos, then called "bone" or "mine-rock," beside the shaft-houses at Scranton, and elsewhere in the forlorn valleys of eastern Pennsylvania. If some of the coal commissioners who are making such a fuss about production and price will take a trip out that way, they will probably discover that all this material has been shovelled into cars, garnished with a small amount of combustible material, and rushed into the market for the salvation of the country—at fourteen dollars per ton.

No one can properly complain of the acerbity that crept into Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's recent note to the State Department requesting an immediate decision regarding the offer of his London residence as a permanent home for the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. For nearly two years an ungrateful Congress has been alternately looking Mr. Morgan's gift-horse in the mouth, and then going away and forgetting all about it; and this unappreciative treatment has naturally made Mr. Morgan pretty cross. But a good many of our legislators are beginning to see that in these impecunious days the offer of an elegant house in the West End of London is not to be sneezed at, and they probably realize that they are not only going to save a whole lot of money in rent and furnishings, but they are going to save also in telephone-calls and messenger-service, which, year in and year out, must amount to a considerable item as long as the London headquarters of Mr. Morgan and the United States Government are housed in two separate buildings. It is to be hoped, now that Mr. Morgan's offer has been accepted, that the State Department will not be outdone in generosity and will assure the famous banker that the latch-key will be always left out for him whenever he happens to be in London.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THOUGHT, FORMULA AND ACTION.

WE have often spoken with respect of Mr. Henry George. Perhaps that is why our discerning and amiable friend, the editor of the *New York Tribune*, was led to remark the other day that the single tax is this paper's "soft spot." Mr. George, however, said a number of things that will bear reflection, aside from what he had to say about the single tax. He said, for example, that he did not care what people thought about taxation, provided they would only *think*; and this remark of his has had a great deal to do with shaping the general policy of this paper. We have never cared much what people thought about anything; not half as much do we care about that as that they should enjoy with us the adventure and the free-masonry of simple, disinterested thinking. If we can help our readers to see that it is on the whole rather good fun to think—hard work, of course, but exhilarating and bracing and giving one a sense of interest and joy—we shall think we have pretty well done our duty by them.

A great deal of the fun of thinking depends on disinterestedness. When one gets too much concerned with agreement or disagreement, one drifts into mere dispute, into taking one side or another and defending that; into embracing some formula or other and defending that; and then one is not thinking, really, except as a prepossessed person, a lawyer or an advocate or a party-politician, may be said to think. At all events, in such a case, one does not think pleasurably, and we believe not very profitably. Not pleasurably, because under such circumstances one always becomes more interested in getting some special form or mode of an idea accepted than in letting one's consciousness play freely and disinterestedly all over and around the idea itself; one becomes ruffled, constricted, limited, and loses the joy that accrues from the free and quiet motion of one's mind; from freely following the course of one's thought wherever it may lead instead of bridling it into a course already determined. Not profitably, because it is age-long experience that concern with agreement defeats agreement. These contentions, the mere posing of an intellectual antagonist and then trying to beat that antagonist off his chosen ground, or to hale him by the coat-collar over to *your* chosen ground—this is probably the most unprofitable and debilitating exercise that one can engage in.

We often think of this when we observe the inordinate interest in definite programmes, formulæ, opinions and the like; and the corresponding lack of interest in ideas, lack of love for ideas, of curiosity about them and what to do with them, and even of a sense that anything is to be done with them or that there is a vast pleasure in trying to do something with them. This bent of our race is, of course, due to the influences that have hitherto shaped our destiny. Gradgrind, Chadband, Quinion and Pecksniff have not prepared us for hospitality towards ideas. They themselves have a nervous horror of ideas, they can see no use in them except to make people discontented, and so they have always discouraged them. Thus it is that our educational institutions, our press, pulpit, theatre and forum, have, with all their excellences, reared a society in which ideas are not, to say the least, much sought after or cordially welcomed. Formulæ, policies, opinions—these our society spawns with incredible fecundity and devours again with insatiable voracity. Gradgrind, Chadband, Quinion and Peck-

sniff have prepared us to do that. Ideas, however, and the free, disinterested play of the consciousness upon ideas, and, above all, the fun that is to be had from both—for these they have left our society wholly unprepared.

It is a great satisfaction, therefore, that our readers have caught the drift of this paper as well and as generally as they have. Sometimes, but very seldom, some one seems a little puzzled to know "what we are driving at," evidently taking for granted that we must have some nostrum or other to advocate. Once in a while some one gets out of patience with our inattention to some special measure of enfranchisement or reform, and bids us, as Mrs. Gradgrind bade Tom and Louisa, "go and be something-ological directly." Two or three redoubtable Aspasias have taken us to task lately, for example, for our indifference to the interests of women. To this we replied that we were interested in human beings, in folks, and in the mental life and activity of folks, and had simply assumed that women were folks just like anybody else. Sometimes, too, some serious-minded friend picks up something we have said and wants to debate it with us, and is annoyed when we demur. Well, but we are not primarily interested in promoting our opinion about this or that; in disseminating information or in laying down the law. We are much more for encouraging other people to think for themselves, to scratch up their own information, and discern the fundamentals for themselves. For example, we have had a good deal to say about the State, and have expressed our own opinions quite freely; but we never "laid ourselves out," as the New Englanders say, to get those opinions accepted, and we can not imagine time worse wasted than time spent in debating them. By what we have said, however, and by our way of saying it, many readers, we believe, have been led to ask themselves, What is the State, and why is it?—and have let their consciousness play freely over that fundamental idea. Just this sort of thing is what we are driving at, and not at the establishment of any special formula or programme or set of opinions.

Our notion is that the blind and narrow devotion to a formula, even our own, is in the long run ineffectual, and that nothing furthers actual progress more than disinterested intelligence. Our propagandist friends who are all for action, may some time come to see that action, to be effective, must have disinterested thought behind it. Henry George, again, once said that social progress is not made through parties and platforms and the like, or even through revolutions, but through thought; and that given right thinking, right action would follow. This is not true because Henry George said it, but because it is simple, everyday, human experience. Further, this paper believes that the only kind of right thinking is the kind that one does oneself. Not in the turbid wake of some editor or pulpiteer, not in the docile following of some partisan demagogue, not in the bondage of some formula, but freely, disinterestedly and pleasurably flowing all about and bathing all sides of a fundamental idea—thus the human consciousness works towards right thought, and through right thought inevitably towards right action.

A LONG CONNIVANCE.

THE last man in the world to lay himself open to a charge of exaggeration is Mr. Henry W. Nevinnson, the British war-correspondent who has recently returned from a tour of Ireland. He has seen for him-

self the destruction of Irish villages, the ruin of shops and houses, the creameries and co-operative stores burnt out by the troops of Generals Macready and Tudor. In referring to the work of these "Auxiliaries," as they are styled, Mr. Nevinson says:

I do not know who imagines himself in control of these Auxiliaries on such occasions. The men are supposed to be all ex-officers. General Tudor, in a letter calling for more recruits, has called them a *corps d'élite*, and said their object was to relieve the Irish people from terror of the pistol. With this object they swagger about the streets brandishing revolvers, threatening men with death for a mere word or for having their hands in their pockets; robbing tills, and taking whips from car-drivers to lash the passers-by. If this is a *corps d'élite* formed from ex-officers, God help our army! In thirty years fairly intimate acquaintance with the British army, I have never seen officers like these. What more they acquire I can not say, but many of them behave more like a gang of bandits let loose upon a poor and distracted country than like the British officers to whom I have hitherto been accustomed.

This is a strong statement, and when made by a man of Mr. Nevinson's quality, it profoundly shocks those who believe in the fundamental integrity and soundness of the British people. One must confess with mortification that it reveals the change that the war has brought about. Governments have implanted every vicious instinct under the skins of tens of thousands of people; whole populations have become inured to violence and crime. The statement of Cardinal Logue in his pastoral letter of a few weeks ago, in which he deals with conditions in Ireland, is to the point:

Lorries laden with armed men career through the country day by day, and when the unhappy people seek cover or fly, as one naturally would when a cry is raised of a mad dog at large, or a savage beast escaped from a menagerie, that flight is taken as sufficient proof of guilt, and they are pitilessly shot down at sight. No false pretences, no misrepresentations, no pall of lies, even though they were as dark as Erebus, can screen or conceal the guilt of such proceedings from anyone who knows and can weigh the facts.

The work of the "Auxiliaries," it should be remembered, is the work of *British* forces, duly authorized and directed by a *British* Government, the same Government that six years ago whipped the people of this country to rage with stories of German atrocity in Belgium and in France. In quoting Mr. Nevinson, moreover, we are quoting no doubtful alien propagandist, but a British reporter writing for a British journal:

What may be the Government's intentions with regard to the Irish nation, I can not tell. Officers have told me that it is the intention to blockade and devastate the whole country, collecting the women and children into concentration camps, as was done in the Transvaal and Orange Free State during the Boer War. I can not say. But I do know something about the present condition of the people under our Government's methods. Martial law and open war could hardly make it more pitiable. Cardinal Logue's comparison is exact. The people live as though a mad dog might spring upon them at any minute and from any corner. It is a life of perpetual fear and strain. No man who has any sympathy with the national cause (one of the causes for which we were told the great war was fought) can regard his property or his life as secure from evening to morning. No woman can regard her home as safe. It is safer to take the children for refuge to the bogs and mountains. The children can not sleep at night. Doctors tell me that St. Vitus's dance and other nervous affections are terribly on the increase among the young. Men, women, and children, against whom there is no proof or charge or even suspicion of guilt in any kind, are insulted, humiliated, and brutally treated. To my mind the insolence and scorn which will prompt armed men to thrash passers-by with whips as a joke, or to compel them to kneel in the mud and take the oath of allegiance at the revolver's point, or to sing 'God Save the King' under compulsion in a cinema, reveal a lower depth of degradation in our Govern-

ment's agents than the more violent 'reprisals' of pillage, arson, and murder. I am convinced that such outrages will sink more deeply into the hearts and memories of a people who assuredly will never abandon their hope of deliverance from a Government that thus afflicts them.

Where is von Bissing now? Where are von Lüttwitz and Major Manteuffel? What about Malines and Louvain, and the deportations from Belgium and the North of France? We ask our readers candidly to suppose such a statement made about the Germans in Belgium by a German correspondent as reliable as Mr. Nevinson, writing for a German paper. What would we have thought of it?—nay, what *did* we think, on the strength of information far less detailed and authentic? Is it possible that the people of the United States have no corresponding sentiment to spare for the support of decent public opinion in England, or for heartening the Irish people in their affliction? Even though the progress of brutality in Ireland exceeds anything that has ever been recorded, it is well to remind ourselves that it is nothing new. Froude, the historian, said, "With the Government in Ireland, 'the gallows is the only preacher of righteousness.'" Lord John Russell, once Prime Minister of England, said, "*We* have made Ireland—I speak it deliberately—*we* have made it the most degraded and miserable country in the world. All the world is crying shame upon us, but we are equally callous to our ignominy and to the results of our misgovernment." E. L. Godkin, in his book called "Land War in Ireland," has a passage by no means unlike Mr. Nevinson's description of the affairs of to-day:

In this self-defensive war, they [the Irish] can not cope with the armed power of England in the open field; and they are driven upon the criminal resource of the oppressed in all ages and in all lands—secret combination. They feel no remorse; first, because it is *war*—just as the soldier feels no remorse for killing the enemy in a battle; and, secondly, because their conquerors, and the successors of those conquerors, have taught them too well, by repeated examples, the terrible lesson of making light of human life. Poor, ignorant creatures, they can not see that, while the most illustrious noblemen in England won applause and honours by shooting down Irish women and children like seals or otters, the survivors of the murdered people should be execrated as cruel, barbarous, and infamous for shooting the men that pull down the roof-trees over the heads of their helpless families, and trample upon their household gods.

Benjamin Disraeli's description, written in 1874, almost perfectly describes what is taking place to-day. He said, "Neither liberty of the press nor liberty of the person exists in Ireland. Arrests are at all times liable. It is a fact that at any time in Ireland the police may enter into your house, examine your papers to see if there is any resemblance between the writing and that of some anonymous letter that has been sent to a third person. In Ireland, if a man writes an article in a newspaper and it offends the Government, he has a warning, and if he repeats the offence his paper may be suppressed." In the debate on the Coercion Bill of 1866 John Bright said, "You may pass this bill; you may put men in jail; you may suppress conspiracy; but the moment it is suppressed there will still remain the germs of the malady, and from those germs will grow up, as heretofore, another crop of disaffection, another harvest of misfortunes; and those members of this House, younger it may be than I am, who may be here eighteen years hence, may find another Ministry proposing to them another administration of the same ever-failing and poisonous medicine."

Then to quote from General Gordon's famous letter to the *London Times* is to be reminded of one of the

most scathing indictments of a Government that was ever penned by a great soldier:

I must say from all accounts and from my own observation that the state of our fellow-countrymen in the parts I have named is worse than that of any people in the world, let alone Europe. I believe these people are made as we are, that they are patient beyond belief, loyal, but at the same time broken-spirited and desperate, living on the verge of starvation, in places in which we would not keep our cattle.

It was, however, John Stuart Mill who put the whole thing in a nutshell:

The Irish circumstances and the Irish ideas as to social and agricultural economy are the general ideas and the circumstances of the human race. It is the English ideas and circumstances that are peculiar. Ireland is in the main stream of human existence and human feeling and opinion. It is England that is in one of the lateral channels.

In conclusion, another parallel of peculiar force and interest may be drawn. The Irish question of to-day has made the London *Times* of Lord Northcliffe echo with the sentiment of the *Times* when it was the Thunderer and represented much that was noble and rational in English aspiration. This is what the *Times* of 25 February, 1847, had to say:

The people of England have most culpably connived at a national iniquity. Property ruled with savage and tyrannical sway. It exercised its rights with a hand of iron, and renounced its duties with a front of brass. The 'fat of the land, the flower of its wheat,' its 'milk and its honey,' flowed from its shores in tribute. It was all drain and no return. But if strength and industry fared but ill in a land where capital was in perpetual flux and decay, how much more poverty and weakness? In an integral part of the British Empire, on the soil trodden by a British sovereign, the landowner was allowed to sweep away the produce of the earth without leaving even a gleanings for them that were ready to perish. And they did perish year by year continually from sheer destitution. England stupidly winked at this tyranny. Ready enough to vindicate political rights, it did not avenge the poor. It is now paying for that connivance.

One can believe that England at last is no longer stupidly winking at this tyranny, and that it will shortly repudiate the connivance.

BEYOND BENEFIT OF TARIFF.

WE have always been interested in farming, for two reasons. First, farming is, in point of sheer size, the greatest industry in the country. Second, unless our view is wholly wrong, all other industries depend upon it. To keep industries going, people must be kept going; to keep people going, they must first of all be fed; their food must come from the land; and the only way to get food out of the land is by farming. Hence it has always seemed to us that farming is the primary industry, and that unless farming goes well, no other industry can go well.

We have long noticed too, that farming does not go well, and we suspected a reason for it beyond those generally assigned; namely, that the farming business is too much mixed up with what is euphemistically called the real-estate business. Land, bearing as it does a monopoly-value, is priced too high for the industry. The farmer can pay either set of charges on the industry—his capital-charge in the land, or the rest of his fixed charges—but when he tries to do both, the industry breaks down. Either he would be a farmer, as Abe Potash might say, or either he would be a real-estater; but he can't be both at the same time without one interest or the other going by the board. Our notion is that the farmer, by and large, has been quite extensively using the farming-business to float the real-estate business, and that thus the farming-business

has gone to pot. Further, too, we have thought that as the farming-business is the more important and fundamental of the two, any possible interference or readjustment should be directed against the real-estate business; and therefore we suggested as a practical and just mode of readjustment, a breaking up of the private ownership of economic rent. The country can get along very comfortably without this private monopoly, but we see no way for it to get along at all without agriculture; and quite clearly the two enterprises are at a point of development where further accommodation seems impossible.

In our early days, now nearly a year ago, we printed a few words to this effect and gave a few figures that tended to support our position. This drew a reproof, very courteous but quite magisterial, from our journalistic brother Henry Wallace, out in Iowa, who runs some farm-papers, and who is slated, so they say, for the post of Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Wallace intimated that our figures were quite incredible and that since he had found us unreliable in matters which he knew something about, he would be obliged more or less to suspect us in matters which he knew less about. This disconcerted us. Our figures were United States Census figures, and on going over them again we could not see where or how we had misused them; but we were haunted all the time by the consciousness that figures are hard for us anyway, and are more or less slippery things to deal with, and that Mr. Wallace's whole lifetime of intimate and authoritative knowledge of agriculture ought to be deferred to, and that somehow or other, with the best intentions in the world, we had made a mess of our statistics.

So, in our helpless and reflective way, we went slowly, saying little about agriculture, until the National City Bank came along with a windfall of figures, most of which related to conditions in Brother Wallace's own State. We thereupon gratefully lifted these figures and republished them in confirmation of our original position, feeling quite at ease this time, because we knew we could suggest to Mr. Wallace or any other critic, that he should first jump on the National City Bank which is bigger than we are. So far, however, no criticism has come from any source; the silence reminds one of the silence that used to settle down over some two-penny enemy victory in the late war, or that now settles down over some success, any success, of the Government of Soviet Russia. Hence we are emboldened to try again; this time merely reprinting a letter that came to us last week with vouchers attached, from a farmer in Florida. He asks us for comment, but we do not see our way to make any.

Please find cheque for three dollars, payment for six months' subscription to your worthy paper. I thank you very much for giving me time to pay, which should have been in advance.

I am a farmer, seventy-five years old, and I enclose a statement which might be interesting enough for a little comment in your paper.

I have a correct scale. I weighed the steer-hide; it weighed a little over thirty-four pounds. In the good old days, gone long ago, we farmers salted the hide, rolled it into a bundle and delivered it at the express-office. With a pair of brogan-shoes selling at seventy-five cents to a dollar, we received for a hide like this steer-hide in question, four to five dollars. Now the express company will not accept a hide unless it is boxed. Result: gross weight, forty pounds; commission-dealer's weight of hide, thirty pounds; farmer swindled out of four pounds weight, i. e., twenty cents, and receives \$1.50, less express-charge of eighty-nine cents, more than half of what the hide brings; while the same brogan-shoe now costs at least \$2.50.

How can you expect us farmers to pay for good radical papers when we are swindled in such a way?

Last Spring, before prices went down, I butchered a calf and got seventy-five cents for the hide, less thirty-five cents that the express company took for getting it to market. Shoes then were six to twelve dollars.

I have a brother-in-law in Oklahoma, who expected about \$2,000 from his cotton. He got nine cents a pound and could not pay his debts; and now his wife (sister to mine) writes that cotton sells for six cents, and it makes her heart bleed to see the white fields of cotton unpicked in the field. Now in a newspaper I read that mothers in Europe haven't a rag to cover the babies that are born. Is Bernard Shaw right? He says the longer he lives, the more he believes that the other planets use ours for a lunatic-asylum.

Well, dear editor, one thing is sure. Don't ask me to subscribe any more for the *Freeman*. Not that I don't want it, but how the devil can I pay for it when all my products either freeze, like my tomatoes, or can not be shipped, like my oranges, because the freight and packing cost more than I get? If I turn to raising beef, the profiteers just raise hell with me. Now, remember, do not risk a farmer again. Let him pay in advance or do without the *Freeman*, no matter whether he starves, spiritually speaking, or not. Just let him go to hell. He is only a producer, and these fools are born every day.

We do not feel like commenting on this letter, although we appreciate our correspondent's invitation to do so. We prefer to turn it over in its integrity to our readers and let them comment on it. We ask them to consider farming as a general industry, the largest in the country, and as the primary industry upon which all others depend, and without which all others must promptly shut up shop. Does it seem likely that the condition of this industry can be permanently benefited by a tariff? Will it be permanently improved and re-established by State-socialist measures like governmental financing? Can not land-value monopoly, in a most easy and casual way, open its mouth an inch or so wider and swallow all the final benefits accruing from such measures, leaving the industry in precisely the same impossible position as at present? If it can, is there the slightest ground for supposing that it will not do so? Well, then, what can our readers suggest? We should particularly like to have this matter taken up by our liberal friends who make a specialty of close and anxious thought, for we ourselves are not pretending to think; we are only wondering, in our aimless and desultory way, and occasionally bringing up the subject to the notice of our friends who so far surpass us in their facilities for dealing with anything that requires really high-grade thought. Up to the present, they have taken no notice of our importunity; so we venture to remind them that the outer darkness is getting pretty thick, and while we are not impatient, we can not help hoping that the light will shortly be spread. For that matter, we think we can safely say that the farmers of the country hope so too.

MR. TOM, JADE-PLUNGER.

WHAT the diamond is to the American, so jade is to a Chinaman. With us, the diamond has become more than an ornament, it is fluid capital—like a cash account at the bank—capable of being turned into money at any time. In the last few years, diamonds have doubled, tripled, even quadrupled in value, acquiring a speculative as well as an investment value. In China, jade has taken much the same course. So eager has been the collection of jade throughout the Celestial Republic, that this beautiful green stone is selling there for fabulous sums and on a constantly rising market. This brief dissertation on the Chinese jewel-market will serve as sufficient introduction to Mr. Tom, jade-plunger. Mr. Tom laboured for five hours a day at the American Consulate, earning the not inconsiderable amount of a hundred Chinese dollars a month. He was hard-working and religious; and indiscriminately and

continuously solicited us for more work to do and for contributions to the Chinese Y. M. C. A. He was a whirlwind of energy; he read books on efficiency-training, character-training, memory-training, will-power-training, and he staggered under the burden of half a dozen courses in a correspondence school.

One day, he came to my desk and began to question me. "Your great Rockoflo, how did he obtain the honourable money?"

I had only a hazy idea of the methods employed by Mr. Rockefeller in amassing his great wealth, but I felt that it would never do to let a Chinese clerk discover such a damaging fact. I therefore hid myself in a fog of words. I dazzled the good Mr. Tom with glittering generalities. I told him what I knew of the development in China of Standard Oil and ended my rambling remarks with the unexceptional statement that it takes money to make money.

At this bit of wisdom, Mr. Tom suddenly became excited. "Ah, exactly! I know! Hard will I work—hard have I already worked to get the exalted money! Much money—that is what I some day will possess."

"But, don't you give a large portion of your salary to the Y. M. C. A. and the Christian Endeavour?"

"No," he said slowly, "I give much, but not a large part. Your Christian God is very powerful. I would strive mightily and give much to please him. But [reverting to the topic on his mind] I want working-capital. I began at this Consulate as a 'Coolie.' By great labour, I became 'Boy,' and now [exaltedly] I am a clerk. I am saving money, so that I may get large—the working-capital. I am married, which saves me the great money!"

"What are you doing with your savings? Buying bonds?"

An expression of shrewdness crossed his face. "No, I buy jade. Two year ago I have two thousand dollars. Same I did place in jade. To-day I have that jade, but, now it is four thousand dollars. In two more year, I will have five thousand—if jade increase as now. Then I will sell my jade, though it—" here his voice dropped to a queer, hoarse whisper—"it will be very hard to part with the beloved jade. But, with the money, I will start a much small bank at Ningpo. Some day I will be the great Chinese banker. I know!"

"All right, Mr. Tom, go to it. But in the meantime one of Mr. Rockoflo's representatives is coming in to get some clearance papers for an oil boat, so you'd better get to work on them."

A week later, Mr. Tom came to my desk again. His face was as expressionless as the blank wall behind him.

"I have had my jade stolen," he said unemotionally. He might have been announcing the death of a grandmother, (which is no great calamity in China), or the loss of a fee stamp. But his fingers were twisting and untwisting rapidly. "All my jade!"

"What—your jade? What are you going to do? Have you informed the police?" I asked in dismay, for I liked Mr. Tom, and I could dimly fathom the sheer depths of his despair.

"I have hired great Chinese Detecetrrive. He will not fail."

I felt relieved, upon hearing this; for the Chinese are almost uncanny at ferreting out theft, so much so, in fact, that robbery is a rare event.

Another week moved by. Again Mr. Tom stood silently at my desk, waiting, while I finished some work, to speak to me.

"I know who is the thief!" he said, his face, as usual, immobile as though graven in stone.

"Good, Mr. Tom! That's fine. And have you got your jewels back yet?"

"No! The thief is my wife! She sold them all to the cunning dealer for one thousand dollar! She run away to southern part—Hong-Kong, mebbeso Canton. North Chinaman no can find her in South China." His speech lapsed dully into pidgin-English. "An' I onetime tellee you that my wife save me much money! Hel'-dam! Hel'-dam!" He shook his head and was broodingly silent a moment. "I think I perhaps did not give sufficient coin to the Christian Endeavour. Your God mebbeso givee me the punishment."

A month later, I received transfer orders from China. Mr. Tom bade me an apathetic farewell at the dock. My friends at the Consulate who write me occasionally say that Mr. Tom is as hard-working and conscientious as ever, but that he has dropped all his affiliations with the God of the Foreign Devils and that he now smokes the inevitable cigarette. He has also stopped his five courses with the correspondence school and talks pidgin-English, interlarding his language with many strange and picturesque oaths of the Seven Seas. *Facilis descensus Averni!*

JAMES W. BENNETT.

WHAT EVERY SCHOOLMASTER KNOWS

THE more I see of secondary-school education, and I see a good deal of it, the more impressed I am with the absurd discrepancies that exist to-day between the restricted curriculum imposed by college-entrance examinations, and the wide range of interests which might open out to the growing youth if we would avail ourselves of them, interests which in themselves have so profound an educative value. I wish—as do hundreds of schoolmasters, of course—that the remedy were as plain as the fault.

Naturally, there is always in every school, the boy who is a "mechanical genius," and nothing else—except a trial to his masters. He has a wireless in his room, and listen in on calls from near and far, and knows more about an automobile than does the garage man—but somehow he won't study. Yet, after all, such a boy is not really a difficult problem. If science and a workshop can not win his interest and make something of him, it is evident that fate intended him to be a chauffeur, and the sooner his parents are persuaded of this, the better. A far more difficult problem is the boy who has reached a certain degree of maturity and has already manifested a bent of mind which obviously is going to determine his future development, but which either has no relation to the narrow range of intellectual interests prescribed by the school-curriculum, or may even run counter to them. Are we then to break such a boy in order to fit him into our educational scheme and so get him into college, or are we to lose his broadening influence from our schools altogether by telling him that he is a misfit and that he has got to get out?

Let me illustrate. Here is a senior in a preparatory-school of high scholastic standing. His parents are determined that he shall go to college; he himself rather wants to go to college—for the tradition dies hard that a college man is better educated than one less "fortunate." But before he can enter college he must pass certain examinations in English, French, history, mathematics, physics, and so on. To keep the school up to a standard so that its graduates may all pass these examinations, a rigid system of daily marks must be maintained, with "make up" hours, and severe penalties for failure in daily work. To take part in any of the school-activities outside the classroom, whether on the football team or in the dramatic club, every boy must maintain his scholastic rank. The masters can see no escape from such a system if they are to get their boys into college—and if they do not get their boys into college, the school loses its reputation and slides rapidly down into financial failure.

Take, now, our boy in question. By temperament, he is, let us say, an artist. He draws well, and in his own mind has quite decided to be either an architect or a painter. Of course, he may turn out to be neither one nor the other, but it is apparent even to the most conventional master that it is from this direction that the stimuli will come which will feed his cultural development during the next few years. In English he is good; perhaps he can pass in language and history if he studies hard; but mathematics are, and always will be, a sealed book to him; yet unless he passes his examinations in mathematics and science he may not edit the school paper, or sing on the glee club, or design and build the scenery for the school play. He, therefore, works so hard over science and mathematics that he has not time left in which to learn his other lessons, and so fails in nearly everything except perhaps English.

What is he losing, as a result, and what is the school itself losing? Our boy might, for example, produce the school play, a good play, designing the scenery and inspiring other boys of mechanical bent to aid in devising the lighting system. All who took part in such a task would benefit, both by contact with good and living literature and by working together to create an ideal of beauty; while the boy himself would be learning to attain some degree of mastery over the forces within himself which he rightly feels to be his chief possession and his chief claim to respect. He has, in fact, a very definite and valuable contribution to make to his school, and in return his school ought to have a definite and valuable contribution to make to him and to his education.

But it may not be. The college-entrance examinations bar the way. Instead, our boy is forced to grind at his "make-ups," in order to preserve the school-discipline, and it is those of his fellows who have passed in everything (naturally, as a rule, the boys least troubled with "temperament") who produce the school play—probably some popular Broadway comedy three years old and not worth wasting five minutes on; a dismal enterprise which teaches them nothing above the mean æsthetic standards which sway (one must confess it) their parents, and gives its participants no real sense of imaginative creation, no hint of an ideal beauty.

Anyone who thinks that I have here indicated an exceptional case either knows very little about boys' schools in America, or is curiously insensitive to what is going on in those institutions. Such a case as I have described is, in fact, only too common. Sometimes, of course, the boy is merely lazy, and the discipline of the school is salutary and necessary. Sometimes, again, his bent may be merely a passing fad, and to break the school-routine in order to take account of it would be folly. But a wise master can always recognize such cases. There remain, however, a number of boys, a larger number than most of us would think, whose interests and talents run strongly in other channels than those of the school-curriculum, and who can not be fitted into that curriculum without either stultifying those talents or breaking down the rigidity of school-management, already difficult enough to maintain, as every schoolmaster knows. That such boys are more often than not artistically inclined is perhaps true, but their number includes boys of every description of mental bent.

It is the general habit of schoolmasters to hold the colleges responsible for most of their troubles, but the root of the matter lies deeper than that. The public itself is to blame for the fetish it has made of college-education. That fetish, like much of the usual college-curriculum, is an inheritance from the days when colleges fitted men for definite professions in a definite way—professions that carried with them the leadership of the community. It is fairly evident to-day, however, that these professions carry but a small fraction of leadership, and it is equally apparent that a vast number of successfully creative men and women (especially in the arts) are not college-trained. Indeed, as far as the arts are concerned, it may be questioned whether a college-training, as college-training now goes, is not a drawback, whether the colleges are not sterilizing far more artists than they produce. It is, of course, true that the modern college is constantly feeling out towards a broader curriculum, and is trying to give wider opportunities for the acquisition of technical dexterity during those formative years when it must, if ever, be acquired, but these efforts on the

part of the colleges are still far from solving the school-problem, because so far they have had little or no effect on the requirements of the entrance-examinations.

Why should we not have schools where a boy might develop his natural bent; and when that bent has been determined, at least to his own satisfaction, where he would be told to follow it, and follow it hard, with definite tasks bearing on his chosen line? In the performance of these tasks, no less rigid a test should, of course, be applied than is applied in the case of the present curriculum by the college-entrance board. If the boy should fail in this test, he may be regarded either as having mistaken his bent, which, of course, is always possible, or he is probably one of those rather stupid folk on whom any form of so-called higher education would be wasted. At any rate, by such methods, something definite would be discovered about him. On the other hand, if the boy meets these tests satisfactorily, if his interests and mentality have been stirred to growth, he would then have discovered where to turn for his further training—to Paris, a technical school, the theatre, the newspaper-office, or perhaps to some college, if such there be, which would be willing to sanction the idea that merely because a boy can not acquire an understanding of algebra it does not follow that he can not draw a picture or write a play or make music or master the rudiments of sociology.

A great many of our public high schools make a pretense of a varied and "democratic" curriculum, but in spite of the howl that goes up when one ventures to say such a thing, it must be repeated that, scholastically speaking, most of our high schools are a joke, especially those in our smaller towns. The chief reason why those who can afford to do so send their sons to private schools is because they are better schools. But they are better only in the narrow sense of giving a much more thorough and rigidly-disciplined training for college-entrance. Except to fit him for college, they give no more effective attention to the individual boy than do the public schools. The public school ignores him, and the private school breaks him, unless he has a mind which can acquire the rudiments of all subjects, while retaining its own individual character. The school which can and will give him an education adapted to his needs, and show him early where his future lies, does not, as far as I know, exist. Now that "drives" are so popular, it might be a good idea to start one for such an institution. I can promise half a dozen boys from my own acquaintance.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

CHANGING GERMANY: II.¹

THE greatest achievement of the German revolution is the dethroning of the Prussian Junker. Those groups that appeared to themselves to be the hereditary owners of the political power in the German State have been dispossessed or paralysed. Nothing gives a clearer impression of what has actually happened than the fact that the excellent President of the new Republic, Herr Ebert, does not belong to the "higher classes" in the proper sense of the word, being, as he is, entirely without academic training, and, for part of his life, following the trade of a saddler. It is easy to imagine with what scorn, indignation and hatred this state of things has been borne by the class-proud, high-handed and over-bearing old bureaucracy. In fact, the younger elements of these circles continue

to vent their anger by setting afloat biting stories and bad jokes, preferably based upon the alleged inability of the wives of the new dignitaries to "rise" to what Samuel Richardson would have called their "exalted position." This feeling of indignation will presumably pass with the newness of the thing and may be ignored, but the question remains how far it may be possible to create a healthy political atmosphere by winning over to the ideals of democracy those large groups of the so-called higher classes that maintain an attitude of obstinate resistance against the new order of things.

Neither the general conditions of the time nor the present international political situation especially favour such a development. First of all, the economic situation of the intelligentsia has been growing steadily worse, to a degree that leaves room for little except the most intense bitterness. Since the war, things have gone badly with the intellectuals of nearly every country, but few people abroad have any idea of the tremendous suffering that has fallen to the lot of the brain-workers of Central Europe. Not that the standard of life of the workingman is satisfactory—far from it—but conditions in a great number of industries are, at any rate, not so bad as to prevent the payment of decent wages. But the situation of an official whose salary has been raised to little more than double, or at best three times the former amount, is simply desperate when he has to pay three marks (300 *Pfennigs*) for an egg instead of seventy *Pfennigs*; or sixty *Pfennigs* for a pound of potatoes instead of five *Pfennigs*. Want, under-nourishment, starvation and all sorts of illnesses, especially tuberculosis, among children are the consequences.

But all this, terrible as it is, would be bearable if the end were visible even in the far distance. Nobody can live without hope. What creates the leaden atmosphere of despair that broods over Germany to-day and prevents the growth of fertile political ideas is the perception that this state of things *will* last, and *must* last. The triumphant words of M. Clemenceau still ring in the ears of millions of Germans: "This peace [of Versailles] means the continuation of the war with altered means." And so the silent war is being carried on, in which tuberculosis serves the part of bombs and shells, and the victims are children and invalids. The affair of Upper Silesia, up to its latest development, shows that the spirit betrayed by M. Clemenceau's words is still unabated; and how many other signs of this spirit have we seen already! The humanitarian institutions that have had to be given up! The hospitals and infirmaries that have had to be cut down! The orphanages that have had to be closed! The universal want pierces, so to speak, to the root of things. The cost of paper and printing has risen everywhere in Europe, but what a tremendous height have they reached here! The Academy of Sciences (*Akademie der Wissenschaften*) of Berlin, the most illustrious learned society in Central Europe, has been compelled to give up printing its publications. The university libraries lack the money to buy new books, especially foreign books; the university *Seminarier* can not subscribe for any more foreign journals; the laboratories lack means to buy instruments, microscopes, etc., etc. What will have become of the work of German scholars in ten years!

In these circumstances even the initiative recently taken by a number of Oxford scholars towards the restoration of former relations with German science, friendly as it is, does not lack a certain tragi-comic

¹Professor Schücking's first article on this subject appeared in the *Freeman* of 26 January.

element. If a cartoon were to express it, it might show a man on the point of drowning, struggling hard with the waves, and on the shore another man with a most benevolent expression on his face shouting to him: "Let us be friends again." To most people abroad this will sound like exaggeration, but let them read the Versailles Treaty and Mr. Keynes's commentary on its economic consequences, and they will not think so any longer. The Treaty condemns every one of us, and our children too, to a kind of penal servitude for the term of our natural life. The present German mentality is not to be understood unless one takes these things into consideration. Another factor in the situation is the constant humiliations Germany has to undergo. It is astonishing how fertile French imagination is in inventing new tortures for German pride, be it that the French military authorities request the institution of brothels for their black soldiers or forbid the German police to use aeroplanes, or in a thousand other ways.

Now a great many people will probably say of all this: "It serves them right." But the question is, does it really "serve them right"? Let us leave sentimentalities aside; is it *reasonable* from the standpoint of the Allied Powers to suffer a miserable state of affairs like this to become permanent? They would surely not think so if they could look at things from the inside, if they could see how the misery is influencing the people, how every new humiliation is stored by the reactionaries with a kind of secret triumph because it discredits the present Government and the whole system. Democracy in Germany is still too tender a plant to allow of anything but a careful treatment from everybody concerned. If the political forces abroad continue with those at home to stamp upon it, they risk its ruin. This danger, it is true, seems not to be an imminent one, thanks to the political preponderance of organized labour, which manifested itself so successfully at the *Kapp-putsch*. The royalist tendencies among the bourgeoisie, on the other hand, are undoubtedly strong, though at the present time less apparent. That the bourgeoisie consider the present state of things in nearly every respect to be undesirable is not to be wondered at. To consider the Versailles Treaty as a final settlement would mean to acquiesce in the certainty of our own ruin.

But quite another question is whether the bringing about of a new situation by methods of force is thought of as unavoidable. That dreams of this sort exist in certain quarters may be the case, but they are surely exceedingly vague. Besides, nearly everything is lacking—a leader, arms, and the rank and file. The case would be different, perhaps, if monarchy in Germany had not come to such an inglorious end. France could dream of welcoming Napoleon back from Elba, but there is no quarter in Germany where the idea of William II's return from Amerongen would raise enthusiasm, to say nothing of the Crown Prince. It is of great importance, under the present circumstances, that of the six sons with whom William II used to parade in public as the pillars of his dynasty, not one has been able to become really popular even with the stoutest supporters of monarchy. It is different, to a certain extent, with the Crown Prince of Bavaria; but then he is a Catholic and the candidate of the clericals. Even if a real leader were to be found, and had a staff of able men at his disposal, what could they do? The French fear that German politicians who seek revenge may combine with Russian Bolshevism is ridiculous. Everybody in Germany knows what it would mean to throw ourselves into the arms

of Bolshevik Russia in order to get rid of the French yoke. This procedure has been compared lately with a peculiar Chinese method of revenge. It is said that if a Chinaman has mortally offended you, you should play him a terrible trick by hanging yourself at his doorpost. This is supposed to mean a tremendous shock to him. But what it means to you is clearer still.

However, circumstances may change. One can imagine, although with difficulty, that even socialism and the ideas it stands for may some day lose their hold on the mind of the masses. The Entente tries to provide for this by destroying German arms to the last rifle. That may be efficient for the time, but it is a militarist idea. In the long run, there are no conquests except moral conquests. There is only one remedy for the prevention of mental illnesses like those raging in August, 1914, and later; and that is to eradicate the idea of force as a means of procuring justice. But the victor must set the example. The German mind will respond to it.

During the last sixty years the German mind has been too deeply influenced by Prussian militarism. This militarism, as everybody knows, is not peculiar to Prussia alone, nor is it a Prussian invention. But, in these days, one easily forgets that against this militarism in Prussia, the best people have struggled a long while with all their power, until the gigantic influence of Bismarck's genius dumbfounded them. In fact, Prussian militarism covers little more than a generation. It would, therefore, be entirely wrong to speak of an innate German tendency to militarism merely because political circumstances have, for a while, brought the German mind (or rather the mind of the German ruling classes) under the spell of the Prussian Junker. Nor does it seem necessary to split up Prussia, as some politicians of weight have advocated, in order to reduce the Prussian influence on the rest of Germany. That would mean turning the hand of the clock back several hundred years. It would produce disorganization and promote clericalism all round. It is mere shortsightedness to consider Prussia and Prussian ways as belonging wholly to the powers of darkness. Even Bebel, who indeed had experienced Prussia's darkest side during his long life, said in the end, with a kind of admiration, that Prussia with all her faults, was "*something*." This "*something*" comes not only from a wonderful faculty of organization, but also from a conscientious dedication of each single person to the peculiar work allotted to him to the exclusion of any kind of self-indulgence; it results from a sense of duty sometimes carried to fanaticism. To eliminate this kind of Prussian influence would not confer a boon on the civilization of the world. What the world needs, what Germany needs, is a *demilitarized* Prussia—a Prussia where the Junker has lost his influence altogether. This is no phantom. But the world must give democracy in Prussia a chance. It is not doing so at present. Ideas of Western progress are not propagated by spreading misery, despair, and bitterness.

LEVIN L. SCHUECKING.

A TALK WITH ANATOLE FRANCE.

I FOUND Anatole France one sunny Saturday morning last August in his house in the Villa Said, one of those embowered by-ways that lead back from the lawns and trees and mansions of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne ending nowhere—it would be a blind alley if it were not the umbrageous Villa Said. As soon as M. France entered the room, I became conscious of something about him that one associates with the necromancy of the East—

perhaps it was the sagacious length of his aquiline nose, the white sage's beard and the skullcap of scarlet velvet, worn, it is true, a little jauntily, that crowned his bristling white hair. His speech was imbued with a benign courtesy and he looked out steadily and kindly from the fretted wrinkles about his clear, calm eyes. His first words were, "I am sad. The future of Europe is black. The only hope lies in internationalism, but the war has left nationalism triumphant." The only possible salvation for the world, in the view of M. France, is socialism, and the only possible salvation for socialism lies in the success of bolshevism.

"Let us not judge Russia in ignorance," he said. "Russia has always been a country of autocracies. If the Government of Lenin seems autocratic, that of the Tsars was more so. With the Russians, autocracy is a habit, which can not be broken in a day or a year. I am sure the situation in Russia is simpler than we are led to believe. One thing I notice: Lenin is an extremely intelligent man and so is Krassin." Then with a subacid smile he added, "One can not be sure that the Government of Soviet Russia is very much better than other Governments; for like the others, it is making war! But since it is doing the job so much more intelligently, one may hope for the best."

At the time of this conversation, Poland was at war with Russia and for the moment was getting the worst of it. "Poland," said Mr. France, "is a citadel raised by the Allies as a menace to Russia and Germany. It is not a country; it is a military fiction. With a free Poland one would have every sympathy, but this fabricated Poland is not that."

Then we began to talk of home affairs and M. France deplored the under-education of the French workingman. "He is intelligent but not intelligent enough," he declared. "The bourgeoisie is very intelligent and knows how to extract its own advantage from any situation." Then for a moment he dwelt on the uselessness of strikes. "I have never believed in the efficacy of strikes. Neither did our greatest Socialist, Jean Jaurès. Strikes are clumsy devices, in their very nature doomed to failure. Witness the pathetic strike here last May. All that it succeeded in doing was to give a deathblow to socialism. The railway strike in England last year was a well-planned strike, but it was broken by the motor cars of the rich. In a strike it is not the capitalist, but the workingman who suffers. The capitalist always can hold out the longest. If he can not have electricity, there is gas; if not gas, there are candles; if not candles, he can do without anything at all. Strikes are a useless method."

Of industrialism as a cause of war M. France had this to say: "The substitution of socialism for capitalism might yet save Europe and the world. Modern wars are trade wars. Only through the elimination of capitalism can trade wars be eliminated. It is all very well to talk about the military caste in Prussia and to lay the blame of the late war to that, but it is also very stupid to talk that way. Prussian militarism, like all militarism, is a poor thing after all. It could not possibly effect such a cataclysm. It was the great industrial leaders who brought about the war and carried it on. That war is over, but how about future wars? Germany is beaten; her colonies gone, her merchant marine lost, her navy destroyed. England need fear her no longer. But now England suddenly discovers that her ally America has a great fleet, which will soon be the greatest fleet in the world. But the world can not have two masters. So the industrial leaders of England and America must go to war next, and then Japan and the United States must go to war, and there is China—where is it to end?—perhaps with the destruction of the white race, perhaps with the destruction of the human race. Rome, after the incursions of the barbarians, could boast, in the tenth century, only 2,000 men. That was all that survived of her mighty empire."

"The peace treaty imposes on a vanquished Germany conditions that Germany can not fulfil and ought not to

be asked to fulfil. Unfortunately, in the reactionary France of to-day there are few who understand and voice that truth. There is too much hatred. I am afraid France can not recover. In England some men are seeing the light. They realize that relations with Russia are necessary to the welfare of the British Empire, in order to prevent a coalition between the Mussulmans and the Bolsheviks which would deprive England of her Indian Empire and of her other Asiatic possessions and protectorates. For, do not forget that the Russian is an Asiatic with all that that means in racial sympathies. Only through the intercourse of trade can friendship between peoples be re-established. England is awakening to the necessity of recognizing Soviet Russia, and somehow I think Soviet Russia will prove to be not so very different from other countries as some of us might wish. France, alas! is firmly settled in her intransigent attitude and her proletariat is neither sufficiently informed nor sufficiently awake to the gravity of the problems of the day."

M. France spoke with special bitterness of President Wilson. "Lloyd George and Millerand are ignorant men," he said; "but Woodrow Wilson is an idiot. The gravest error you Americans made was in sending him to the peace conference." I mildly protested that we Americans did not precisely "send" our President to Paris. But M. France went on: "He came to us talking like an evangelist and all our liberals had great hopes. But he is like every other priest, and I know priests. When they are in the pulpit it is the 'good poor' and the 'wicked rich.' But as soon as they are out of the pulpit, they can not see the poor man and no rich man is wicked. Conditions at the time of the armistice were not as desperate as they are to-day. Wilson spoiled everything. The ruin of America will be its clericalism. Look at Spain, mistress of the world, and her priests ruined her. Protestant clericalism is worse than Catholic clericalism because it is less intelligent. Protestantism is only liberal when it is weak; when it is strong it becomes Catholic."

I expressed a common misgiving as to the chances for individual liberty under the socialized State.

"I am not afraid," replied M. France, "of the State under socialism interfering with personal liberty. America is not socialized, but look at the foolish law of national prohibition that you have adopted. You owe that ridiculous measure to the clericalism of extreme Protestantism. From the dawn of the race, mankind has fermented liquors and drunk of them. Are not Dionysus and Bacchus names for a great god of antiquity? Greece did not perish through drink."

I asked M. France whether he believed in the necessity of a bloody revolution to bring about the social changes that he advocates.

"It is hardly a question of believing," he answered. "I fear that blood must always flow in revolutions. Do you recall Corneille's lines in 'Cinna'?"

*"C'est un ordre des dieux qui jamais ne se rompt
De vous vendre bien cher les grands biens qu'ils nous font.
L'exil des Tarquins même ensanglanta nos terres
Et nos premiers conflits nous ont coûté des guerres."*

"They are beautiful verses, are they not?" were M. France's parting words as I rose to say good-bye.

PITTS SANBORN.

IN THE CLASSICAL CEMETERY.

X. THE FRENZIED PROPHETESS.

EURIPIDES contrives to invest the prophecies of Cassandra—those terrible prophecies in which no one has the slightest faith—with all the inevitability of the divine vengeance. Hecuba may doubt the coming of the doom which her raving daughter is for ever proclaiming, Andromache may be incredulous, Priam may shake his venerable head but no reader of Euripides dare withhold his faith. Cassandra in these tragedies speaks with the tongues of angels and in the voice of her god—yet she is woman, the woman's woman always, feminine to her finger tips. Such is the recurrent miracle of the art of Euripides. Æschylus makes his Cassandra so meta-

physical a theologian that she ought to have vanquished that contemptible little Ajax with her speeches and to have talked Agamemnon to death before ever he could be murdered. Not that Æschylus need be censured for the inadequacy of his Cassandra. Ajax Oileus was not the only man who did her violence. She was the victim of all the great poets and painters of antiquity—to say nothing of the vase-makers—some of whom caricatured this mad prophetess sadly, and all of whom, with the solitary exception of Euripides, have left her unintelligible, mystifying, tantalizing. Who can explore the tragedies of Euripides without observing how deeply every episode in the career of Cassandra must have impressed him?

She emerges in his theatre as the perfect mistress of the spiritual life, the seraphic maid who, at a court corrupted by the coming of Helen, persists in the dedication of her virginity to the god she adored. In the assiduity of her devotion to holy exercises, in the meticulousness of her observance in feasts and fasts, in the seriousness of her call to a devout and holy life addressed to her brothers and her sisters, her brothers-in-law and her sisters-in-law, not omitting her parents, she was very high-church, a ritualist, in fact. How she loved the letter of the law! Hecuba alone in this innumerable Trojan family could take the consecrated creature quite seriously. From Cassandra the aged Hecuba imbibed those theological views which are so strikingly suggestive of the Arian heresy which distracted the early church views which she is always airing when Euripides wants us to understand what the piety of a Trojan family was like. In the household of Priam and in Troy generally, such a thing as a mockery of religion was never heard of. There could be no trifling with sacred subjects after the fashion of these light and jesting Greeks. Cassandra herself led the choir. Cassandra saw that everybody showed up for family prayers. Cassandra lived in a state of considerable disedification brought about by the laxity of morals which followed upon the connexion of her brother Paris with that notorious Helen woman, and she did not shrink from uttering the direst prophecy whenever that scandal became the topic of conversation in the household. Hecuba and her daughters permitted themselves to say rather tart things to the men about it; the dialogue of Euripides is amazingly frank at this point.

Priam thought his daughter a little "cracked" on the subject of religion, and he did not quite like her incessant vigils in honour of Phœbus Apollo. The old man cited her prophecies in support of his theory. Cassandra had been indiscreet enough to suggest that her brother Paris be put to death for bringing such a creature as Helen into the house, but Helen had no difficulty in disposing of this suggestion as a bit of enemy-propaganda. Cassandra promptly retorted with such dire anticipations of the military and naval campaign then in progress that her utterances became indistinguishable from sedition, not to say treason. Hecuba was glad to take refuge in that theory of insanity with which the family dismissed her child. The eclipse of Cassandra through these devices put an end to anything like competent criticism of the administration at Troy. The inadequacy of the high command became absolute inefficiency and even Paris dared not raise his voice lest he too, like his sister, be accused of giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

Priam, as everybody knows, was getting on in years. He was quite content to trust the judgment of Hector in all that related to strategy and tactics. In politics and economics, Priam deferred to women, especially young and pretty ones, and Helen, in spite of all that Hecuba could do or say, soon acquired immense influence in public affairs. At the court of Priam, if we may trust Euripides, important decisions were too often reached after much wrangling among daughters and daughters-in-law. Troy became a gynocracy in which Cassandra strove to prevail only to be routed in the end by the wiles of Helen, a rank outsider. The one man who counted with all these ladies was Hector—because he was such a good man! Andromache adored him because

he was the best of husbands. Helen respected him because he saw through all her wiles. Cassandra thought him perfect because of the soundness of his religious views. If Hector deemed his sister as mad as a March hare, it must be acknowledged that Cassandra was capable of a little indiscretion. She liked to get herself up in beautiful robes and to deck her long tresses with flowers. She was a trifle vain of her dancing. She put in an appearance at feasts decked in finery, her hair flowing, her limbs free. Her plea was that a profane occasion ought to conclude with a sacred concert. There was a whispered scandal connecting her name with that of the god to whom her virginity was dedicated, but Hecuba protested that there was nothing in all this and Euripides accepts her version of the affair. So do I.

But she could not escape Agamemnon. She had been allotted to him when lots were cast for the spoil, and Euripides introduces her to us as the Trojan women fill the night with their shrieks and Hecuba curses the hour in which she was born. There is no doubt of the madness of Cassandra now. She is the slave of a Greek conqueror. Her father has been slain on the altars she loved to adorn. Hector, too, is among the dead, and Andromache in bonds weeps with the others. Troy is burning. The ships of the Greeks are ready to sail for home. Suddenly a rude messenger from the commander's headquarters comes to bid Cassandra waste no more time in farewells. Hecuba swoons. The goddess into whose temple Cassandra had fled a few hours before has not yet taught these Greeks a lesson. Apollo, to whom her virginity was consecrated, is deaf to the shrieks of Cassandra. Those shrieks ring now in the ear of her mother Hecuba, as she lies prone on the floor, and the old woman realizes this time that the madness of Cassandra is more than a polite fiction.

On the night of the fall of Troy, Cassandra had fled for refuge to the temple of Minerva, to the sanctuary within it, the "unenterable" spot. There Cassandra clung to the image of the goddess while the Greeks ravaged, plundered, sated themselves with blood and with booty; and there it was that she was overtaken by Ajax, son of Oileus whom the ancients so carefully distinguished from the greater Ajax, son of Telamon. Ajax, the little, used such violence against Cassandra that the image of the goddess to which she was clinging was dragged with the shrieking prophetess from its place on the altar. Still reeling from the shock of this outrage, the raving priestess mistakes the plunder piled high and the blazing torches everywhere for the decorations of the temple of the Apollo to whom her virginity was so precious. Apollo had desired her for himself, but he had accepted her virginity instead as a pledge of a more perfect consecration to his will. She is now, in her mad fancy, upon the very altar of that god and from his lips she believes she has received a vocation to marriage. Agamemnon has decided to make her his concubine; but the frenzied prophetess cherishes a delusion of holy wedlock—"a sacred rite."

The tragic spectacle extinguishes the self-pity in the bosoms of the Trojan women whose husbands and whose little ones are no more. It arouses Hecuba from her trance. It fills even the hearts of the soldiers with pity, and the grim messenger who comes to fetch Cassandra feels that he would not stand in the bridegroom's shoes for all that could be given him. Cassandra is dancing madly now, bidding them all bring lights, more lights. She calls for a thousand torches, and wonders that they do not go on with the dance. She is bewildered to see her mother weep, and pleads with her to join in the song. Her father is dead, Cassandra tells them, but she is to be married, to become the bride of a great king, his wife, his honoured wife. Dance! Dance! Lights! More lights!

From the moment she rushes in so wildly among them until her frenzy reaches its climax, the Trojan wives, daughters and sisters can do no other than stare mutely at Cassandra. But now a sudden fear seizes them. The prophetess might dash away to the camp on the shore, to the ships and the men. Cassandra by this time is

laughing as well as shrieking, her hair streaming and her flowers and her dress awry. Hecuba stares dumbly at her daughter until the women raise their voices. Then, taking the torch from Cassandra's hand, she bids the women put out the other lights. The prophetess calms down and assures her mother and the weeping women that she has emerged from her frenzy, as indeed they can see for themselves. The captain from the camp speaks up roughly; it is high time, he says, to get to the shore and to the ship. Agamemnon is waiting.

Cassandra silenced the fellow with a word, and the hush that fell upon them all was the effect of her prophetic spell. The prophetess seemed to be drawing away the veil from the face of the future. As she spoke she took from her hair the wreaths and from her arms the bracelets and from her garments every adornment. She foretold the woe of Agamemnon's house, his murder, the tragedy of his wife's end, the curse that would descend upon his children. She hurled no anathema, spoke with no hate, no thirst for vengeance. This prophecy of Cassandra is a revelation of her unerring insight into the working of the moral law. Her life of devotion to the most splendid god she knew and her incessant prayer and sacrifice had so spiritualized her thought that she had become pure in heart, and therefore saw God.

The genius of Euripides enables us to know so much and to understand why those awful prophecies were not believed. Neither Trojan nor Greek had as yet any conception of the one God manifest in the world of his creation and working through a moral law of which Cassandra in this magnificent mood of hers foretells the power over the destinies of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. Greek tragedy is grandest in this scene, revealing itself as a wail, incessant yet ineffectual, for that unknown god whose altar met the eye of Paul at Athens, revealing Cassandra herself in that company to which Jesus referred when he said that many prophets and kings had desired to see those things which his disciples saw and had not seen them, and to hear those things which his disciples heard and had not heard them.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

POETRY.

ARTEMIS.

Out of the greening east
The ghastly moon,
Her body the yellow of mummy wrappings,
Among the unpeopled cloudbanks
Drearily swings across the ice-cold,
Inconceivable ether.

Of old it was fabled,
Radiant with youth, with eternal beauty,
Artemis the huntress, she of the silvery arrows
Before whom the wild deer fled
In forest alleys mottled by the moon,
Even she, the maiden-minded,
Begged for Tithonus, her lover,
Immortal life.

And the just gods, with secret laughter,
Beholding the vanity of things,
Granted eternal life,
And Tithonus wasted away
Until no longer
Artemis might desire him
Who, leering at the Oceanides with rheumy eyes,
Sat all day spewing sea-water
From his toothless gums.

Alas, how many lovers,
How many gods has she beheld grow old
Until they were no more desired
Of any man or god!

Therefore, for ever mournful,
She wanders, stricken and homeless,
Among the multitudinous business of the stars.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

MISCELLANY.

It is hard to describe the unnamable fear that took possession of me the other day as I peered into the twilight of the auditorium at the Rand School for a solitary view of the mural decorations by Mr. Willy Pogany that were unveiled but a little while ago. I think some ghost of the old *Masses* must have haunted my memory and I was afraid of finding myself confronted by the violent portrayal of an apotheosized Proletarian striding across the walls, with a monstrous red banner streaming above his head and the figure of a decapitated plutocrat—not quite so jolly about the middle as Art Young is wont to picture him—lying prostrate beneath his feet. Proletarians and red banners and plutocrats are all well enough in their way, and in an animated sky-sign they might make a picture against the evening blue that would stir to life the almost extinct social consciousness of a taxi-driver; but in an auditorium—? My shrinking anticipations, however, reckoned without Mr. Pogany's good taste. It was not until the lights were turned on that the figures on the tall walls lifted themselves out of the indeterminate twilight: Puvis de Chavannes himself could not have been more subdued in his treatment. Mr. Pogany had delivered himself from the obvious and the crude.

INSTEAD of depicting some fragment of current history, like the French or the Russian revolution, the artist has chosen a grave, universal theme, the struggle that goes on within the human soul, and he has treated it in that mood of tempered pessimism which (conceal it as we will), is as much the dominating attitude of the present generation, born in mistrust and nourished in disillusion, as was the mood of complacent optimism for the greater part of the nineteenth century. Mr. Pogany's interpretation is embodied in a triptych representing the Valley, the Mountain, and the Sea. The Valley is the valley of the senses. It is the kingdom of man, the animal. Through this flowery valley he tramples heedlessly, dragging woman along with him by the exercise of brute strength and determination. But his senses are never satisfied, and his instincts are never sure: the fruits that man gathers in his lifetime are plucked from the Garden of Proserpine; and at the end the lust of life itself grows weak, leaving a warped old man to wait patiently for his return to the great mother that bore him.

... no life lives for ever
... dead men rise up never
... even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

IN Mr. Pogany's trilogy, the Sea, on the other hand, represents the realm of the intellect. Here, too, the taste of life is "brackish with the salt of human tears." The wave itself, with its leap into the air and its plunge into dissolution, symbolizes the unceasing quest of the intellect: "there is a striving after Light and Understanding," says the artist in his interpretation, "yet those that pass the crest of the wave see the dreadful and hopeless abyss before them e'er they sink down into the dark waves of the eternally surging sea." This would be a despairing note to end on; but in the middle triptych the artist makes a resolute effort to reconcile the intellectual imbecility of the sensuous life with the sensual dissatisfaction of the intellectual life. Let us not despair, the artist exclaims, there is still left the ultimate release from both illusion and disillusion that we may achieve by understanding. To understand everything is to conquer everything; and by discovering his destiny man triumphs over it. A hard, brave doctrine, not fit for infants' teething! As one gazes on these pictures in this temple of socialism, one tries to imagine what Karl Marx would have thought of them. In such an austere conception of human life it is difficult to see where the current shibboleths of socialist insurgency fit in. What in fact becomes of the "class-struggle" when the human struggle becomes the centre of interest? That is a question the humanists may perhaps sardonically leave to the Marxians.

THERE is a good deal of pleasure to be obtained, these fine winter mornings, in a stroll through the uptown streets of New York, despite the fact that one sorely misses the vacant lots, the squatter's farms, and the bedraggled amusement parks—like the Little Coney Island that once stood on Cathedral Parkway—which, even so recently as twenty years ago, used to break up the unspeakable monotony of brick and stone perspectives. Nobody but a realty speculator can quite overcome the feeling of oppression that seizes one at the sight of mile after mile of these frowning, slatted cliffs which form an almost solid mass from the "hundreds" up to the very crest of Fort George. Gone are all the natural playing-grounds of the defeated children of upper Manhattan; their bubbling energies have been gradually siphoned off into the playground of the school, whose systematic orderliness, though doubtless excellent in its way, is no equivalent for the training we used to get, in the old days, through pilfering potatoes, lighting bonfires, and learning otherwise how to get food for our stomachs and joy for our souls in the raw environment of a hostile world.

OCCASIONALLY, it is true, one comes upon some "improvement" that compensates a little for all these walled vistas and asphalted streets. Thus, I find that it has become more and more common of late to run upon groups of children, sometimes in a quiet block, more often perhaps in a park, who are getting their first lessons in the business of co-operating with their kind, by playing games under the leadership of a husky young Artemis. This new kind of teacher is a wholly different creature from the harassed, anæmic-looking woman who lingers in the memories of an earlier generation; and her pupils, I observe, are healthier, happier pupils. But, alas, it would seem that the joys of playing and learning and working in the open air are almost wholly reserved for those children whose parents can afford to keep them outside the dull and sterile environment of the public school. One wishes that every park that is within walking-distance of a school, might be thronged each day with busy children. Older pupils, of course, might go farther afield, along the waterfront or up into the hills of Westchester County—they could easily travel thither in less than an hour's ride by subway from any point in the city. But these things can not be, I suppose, so long as Messrs. Gradgrind and McChoakumchild control our education boards. In their ideas of pedagogy these eminent and all-powerful gentlemen are scarcely yet on a level with Mr. Squeers—it is worse than useless to talk to them of Dr. Dewey or Professor Geddes.

"IN the ideal State," said the tired man in the club-car en route to Chicago, "people will attend dinners solely for the purpose of eating with their chosen friends, if, indeed, they 'attend' dinners at all. Our absurd modern custom of coming together in droves to eat seven or eight luke-warm and tasteless courses, over whose selection no guest has had any control whatever, disturbed by 'music' that no civilized man would endure for five minutes in his own home, preparatory to listening to half a dozen speakers of indifferent quality and limited terminal facilities, will be as obsolete in the future as the contemporary Sunday newspaper, the Pullman sleeper and the two-party system. Of course the transition to the no-public-dinner era will not come about suddenly, though it is possible that a wave of reform may lead to the institution of a kind of moratorium on such affairs, but to expect to put an end to a long-established custom by legislative enactment is as futile as to expect that the Eighteenth Amendment has suddenly altered the nature of our thirst." Here the tired man carelessly pressed the button behind his chair.

"No," he continued, "the beginning will probably come about by the setting up of a sort of clearing house for invitations to these big-scale eating functions so that Joe Smith, instead of appearing at the National Manicure

Protective Association banquet as Bill Jones's guest, will promptly send his invitation to the local clearing house where a debit will be entered against him. When Elmer Brown invites Bill to be one of the 2,000 who will eat with the Dehydrated Apple and Prune Manufacturers' Mutual Aid Home Defence Club, Bill in his turn will send it to the clearing house along with his other invitations of the week. Then towards the end of the season every leading citizen will get a statement of the dinners to his debit and credit. They will cancel each other but, of course, in many cases a balance of uneaten dinners will remain. Transactions then will have to be made through gastronomical brokers whose clerks will have to settle for their customers by eating the dinners represented by the balances. It is, of course, a severe strain on the feelings of a humane man to think of the lot of these unhappy victims who, during the period of settlement, will have to gorge themselves nightly to the strains of jazz music, and listen to the tedious jokes and the 'We have with us to-night' of the speech-brokers' settlement clerks—for, of course, all our famous 'post-prandial orators' will similarly protect themselves with a clearing house of their own. Doubtless after a few years of the system one of the more radical political parties, perhaps a rejuvenated edition of the Committee of Forty-eight, will agitate for the complete abolition by law of the 'public dinner'; then, by the time the public has come to understand that in this matter, as in some others, it is an ass, one of the conservative parties will solemnly add a no-dinner plank to its platform and thus, by enlightened legislation, that happy day will be restored when the dinner was made for man, and not man for the dinner."

I AM afraid that the *Congressional Record* is becoming a habit with me. When I am done in and exhausted at the end of a day's work, there is nothing I find so entertaining as these pages of interminable conversation interspersed with flights of oratory in the antique style of Sir Leicester Dedlock when addressing the assembled cousins at Chesney Wold, or of Mr. Veneering in his great speech to the enlightened citizens of Pocket-Breeches. But what better proof can I adduce of the excellent entertainment that the *Record* affords than the following quotations from a recent issue:

SENATOR KING. The conduct of many of the States leads one to believe that they are paralyzed or atrophied or are under the control of corporations and trusts and conspiracies to destroy competition, because the criminal laws upon their books, which would reach these criminal organizations, are not invoked, and the scoundrels controlling such organizations continue their nefarious acts with impunity, to the injury of their people. . . . Thousands, and tens of thousands, of pages of testimony are taken by committees of both the House and the Senate, which no one ever reads, and which contain no valuable or important information. . . . It [the United States Government] is worse than Prussia as a bureaucratic Government.

SENATOR WARREN. . . . if the bills come up as they usually do, in a busy time of the session, when Senators are called away from their luncheon, or from some interview in the Marble Room, and the question is up, we turn to the next man and say, 'What is up?' He says, 'I do not know,' and you say, 'I will vote yes.'

SENATOR McLEAN. I am not in favour of enacting legislation which is purely deceptive. I think we had better tell the whole truth about the situation and not try to fool the farmers.

SENATOR THOMAS. I shall very soon return to private and therefore to a far more congenial life.

SENATOR KENYON. . . . Washington is swarming with lobbies of every kind and description—some good lobbies and some bad lobbies. You can not go to your office, you can not get through the corridors anywhere, without having some of these lobbyists talking to you about bills in Congress. . . . There has been testimony before committees of social lobbies in the city of Washington, of gentlemen receiving funds from great interests to use in social lobbying. You can pick up the papers every day and read of dinners and dances and balls given by the Lord knows whom—a favourite form of lobbying in the city of Washington. . . . I do not know that there is any way of stopping that kind of a lobby; but there is

existing now in the city of Washington, and it is going to grow, lobbying of certain kinds in lumber-interests, oil-interests, and other big interests; men go out of the Senate and men go out of the House and join up with these lobbies. There is going to be more of it in the days to come. The 'general practice' of law in Washington is coming to be synonymous with 'general lobbying.'

SENATOR KENYON. . . . I have been informed on evidence that I think reliable, that one institution here in Washington doing a lobbying-business is paying out as much as \$250,000 a year in fees. It would be interesting, when some one came from that organization or association to speak to Members of Congress on legislation, to know whether they were just interested *pro bono publico* or whether they were influenced by good-sized fees.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

MR. ARCHER LOOKS UP TO THE HILLS.

IF Mr. William Archer had never been a dramatic critic, and had never translated Ibsen, and had never written a book explaining how to write a play, the critical chain-gang (as Mr. Huneker calls us) in New York would have been deprived of much innocent merriment. It is always a source of innocent merriment to his fellows when a critic goes wrong, and writes a play. But when he is also a translator of Ibsen and an instructor in play-making—well, the thing might be Gilbertian. To be sure, the poor, erring critic and academic theorizer has just one hope of escape, though admittedly a slight one. He has a chance to write a good play. Of course, anybody who knows enough about play-writing to explain all about it in a book, to define what a play is, what drama is, knows altogether too much to stand much chance. No doubt Mr. Archer prayed for help. He lifted up his eyes unto the hills, and the strength came. He has written a good play. It is called "The Green Goddess," and it is being acted by Mr. George Arliss at the Booth Theatre.

They are very high hills indeed to which Mr. Archer lifted up his eyes, the highest in the world, no less—the Himalayas. In that up-ended world of snow-capped peaks and unplumbed gorges, somewhere between K2 and the Vale of Kashmir, Mr. Archer's imagination has conceived a strange kingdom, almost inaccessible from the Indian side, and composed of fanatical tribesmen ruled by a Rajah who was educated at Cambridge, England. Why not, after all? It is no more wonderful than the zebra-orchid Sir Francis Younghusband found in his expedition to Tibet. Mrs. Wakeman may yet look down upon Mr. Archer's kingdom from one of those 24,000 foot peaks she occasionally conquers.

At any rate, there is your kingdom, or rather Mr. Archer's, and flying over it somewhat recklessly even for melodrama, since to have done so must have meant ascending over 20,000 feet, is a British aeroplane containing an amateur pilot, who is a distinguished young doctor, an army major, and the major's young and beautiful wife, who, you may have guessed already, really loves the doctor. This intrepid trio are forced to land, and as landing places are not numerous in the high Himalayas, the machine is wrecked.

Enter now, the extraordinary Rajah, European in speech and manners, Asiatic in thought, diabolical in craft and cunning. He takes the travellers, unsuspecting at first, to his equally extraordinary palace on the brink of an abyss looking across to a saw-toothed range of snow-capped summits. Now it happens that three of the Rajah's own people—his own brothers—are about to be executed in India for plotting against English rule. Ha! the green goddess has sent him (the barbaric people think it the work of the goddess, he carefully explains) three—hostages? No! He doesn't care to have his brothers back. His throne is more secure without them. But three lives for three lives! A wireless to his spies in India will tell him when the three brothers are to be executed. At the same instant, the major, the doctor, will die in his palace. An eye for an eye! The lady?

Ah, she is very fair. He rather favours an heir with English blood in his veins. She may live, if . . .

Could the instructor in dramatic technique ask for a more tightly tied up complication? What chance of escape is there? Great brass doors, fierce guards, tremendous precipices below every window—and India 200 miles away, over the wild passes. The wireless is the only hope. It becomes a battle of wits to get a chance at the instrument. The Major at last gets a message sent—and is shot in the process. But was the message picked up? Can help come in time?

In the chamber of the green goddess, the doctor and his beloved (free now to cling and kiss without shocking Anglo-Saxon propriety) wait their awful doom, almost as if Sardou had written them. But hark! Can it be? Yes, it is! The whirl and cough of propellers far aloft! A British aeroplane squadron has crossed the range! The pipes they heard at Lucknow made no sweeter sound. One plane lands. The commander dashes in. He threatens. The Rajah sneers. A signal—and the roar and crash of a bomb dropped from the circling squadron aloft! Capitulation—escape.

One may gather from this rough sketch that "The Green Goddess" bears but a slight resemblance to "Hedda Gabler." It is romantic melodrama of the most unblushing kind, put together with considerable constructive skill, written in language that offends neither its own style of drama nor the ear of one who likes a touch of distinction in dialogue now and then, and mounted by Mr. Winthrop Ames and acted by Mr. Arliss and the rest of the cast with rich colour and silken ease.

Mr. Arliss is always happiest when most devilish. He is a suave, bland, elegant, crafty devil, richly appreciative of æsthetic effects, hating ostentatious displays of emotion, rejoicing in ironic banter and cynical cruelty. Therefore, as the Rajah, he is velvet-footed, velvet-voiced, but behind his smile is the craft and lust of the jungle feline, and behind his narrowed eyes (few actors better know how to employ their eyes), are mysterious fires of the ancient Orient, fires of fanaticism and of ironic contempt. It is a richly picturesque part, and Mr. Arliss plays it richly, though with a complete suppression of anything that could be called violence of emotional suggestion. His acting is more modern than the play.

Time, however, writes few wrinkles in the brow of romantic melodrama. Those who can honestly resist its spell must be rare; and when it lays its scene under the glaciers that pour their water-vials into the first trickling springs of the sacred Ganges, we all gladly assent that quite anything may happen.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

A STUDY IN SOCIAL DISTEMPER.

SIRS: No apprentice in literature can fail to profit by the admirable "Study in Literary Temper" that appeared over the signature of Mr. Albert Jay Nock in the *Freeman* for 26 January. Mr. Nock's appreciation of Gogol's art is a convincing demonstration of the sort of mood, manner, and method that goes into the making of a story which later generations will be pleased to call classic. In doing justice to Gogol, however, Mr. Nock has not penetrated into the predicament of the younger generation in America to-day. With his general characterization of our younger writers: their lack of disinterestedness, their irritability, their failure in tenderness, one can not quarrel; the criticism applies to our generation as a whole, even if the authors whom Mr. Nock specifically mentions may severally lay claim, at one time or another, to the virtues he holds up for emulation; but it would seem that in his effort to effect an early cure, Mr. Nock neglects the social basis of the disease that he has correctly diagnosed.

Mr. Nock points to Gogol's "Old Fashioned Farmers" and says: Do *that*: discipline yourself to the temper in which such masterpieces are written. This advice leaves the writer with scarcely any better grip on his weakness than a fevered patient would get from a physician's description of health. Like the sick man, the contemporary novelist might reply: "I appreciate the activities that are possible with a sound body

quite as well as you do. It is not from choice that I am spiritually at loose ends, and that my work lacks the qualities which will make it endure. What I would like you to examine, however, are the circumstances that make me, a dreamer of dreams, desire to set the crooked straight rather than to give myself over completely to the production of a classic literature. Why is it that this temporal community in which I live has the power to distract my attention from the 'great emotions, great spiritual experiences, great actions' that should naturally hold me? Why is that I can not forget the problems that confront my city or my countryside long enough to get absorbed in the life that beats and surges beneath them? Why am I an invalid, lost in a day-to-day combat with the ailments that afflict me and my community, rather than a hale man, taking the foul weather along with the fair? What, in short, has made me this restless, dissatisfied, ungenial, truculent creature—whose literature smells of the penny tract—that you now behold. Until you have found out what makes me what I am, there is not much prospect of my becoming what I ought to be."

I have no wish to infringe upon Mr. Nock's province in attempting to answer these questions; indeed, I am not sure whether any satisfactory answer will ever be forthcoming, for the situation is an infinitely complicated one, and it is doubtful if even a separate diagnosis for each writer would contribute a generally satisfactory solution. But there is one point in the article where a clue seems to come to light; a clue that leads one to believe that the literary temper of our generation will never be much improved until our social distemper is in some degree corrected. The significant thread discloses itself in your contributor's article when he points out that one of the prime qualities of a great literary work—a genuine love of the writer's spiritual children—is absent not only from the novels of the younger Americans, but from those of a great many of their predecessors in America and England. The criticism is just: the feeling of the contemporary novelist to all the characters but the hero (i.e., himself) is frequently petrified to a point that would disqualify him even as a charity organization investigator, and in his aloofness from the Wellers and Gamps and Ivanovitchs and Chichikovs he confines his observations more and more to the adventures of the narrow literary and artistic cliques to which he has access.

These characteristics point definitely, I think, to a widespread social maladjustment and not to any accidental defect in the younger generation of America. In the modern novel, human characters dwindle in size; human motives weaken in intensity; human experience loses its sharp significance—between the novelist and his materials has arisen the buzzing, screeching, clanking mechanism called modern industrial civilization, and whether the mechanism is confronted, as in the sociological novel, or avoided, our civilization itself remains the protagonist, the central fact. The core of life has been lost within the shell that was developed to protect it, and the writer can not touch the first element as an artist until somehow he has managed to break his way through the second element as a sociologist. The cliché of the older generation in England, "We are all socialists now," might be replaced for our younger writers with the observation, "We are all sociologists now." When a town is ravaged by plague, every one must take a turn at nursing; and when a society is sick, it is unreasonable to chide the artists for becoming doctors and for treating their fellow-sufferers in a cool, surgeon-like way that is far removed from the more tender reactions of a normal social situation. "We can not be interested in people's lives," the young writer might urge in his own defence, "we can not deal with their hopes and dreams and aspirations and adventures, until they are safely out of danger. We can not make friends until we cease to treat victims. You are right in saying that it is not our business to salvage society; but we shall probably forget our business unless society is salvaged. As soon as people are stirred out of their unfathomable inertia we shall return to our tasks. Until then, we are what we are."

Looking back over the past generation, from the standpoint of one who has grown up with it, one detects a steady development of this attitude in America. Young men of ability lack the intense, integrated purposefulness of the full-fledged artist or pure scientist for the reason that they are literally of two minds. With one mind, they wish to pursue their art; with the other, they wish to reconstruct their community; and by and large they feel that they can not devote themselves single-mindedly to any work of permanent worth until they have first, in one manner or another, done their share to understand, and bring under control the strange cyclopean monster that for more than a century has cluttered

the world with its Pittsburghs and its Glasgows and its Birminghams and Brooklyns and Bermondseys (and its great capitals that are, after all, so many Pittsburghs and Birminghams in disguise) and created the harsh, desolate, spiritually depauperate countryside that environs them. While this feeling has, perhaps, never been verbally formulated, one may draw evidence of its existence from watching the way in which not merely the novelists, but the philosophers, artists, and critics, get turned aside from what would in a happier time be called their proper work in order to do spade labour as sociologists or statesmen.

The phenomenon is not restricted geographically to these United States: indeed this is the last country in which it has appeared. It came into existence to begin with in the region that first felt the effects of the industrial revolution, and it is typified by Ruskin's abandonment of art criticism for economics, Dickens's conversion from the "Pickwick Papers"—perhaps his one classic work!—to "Hard Times," Morris's change of interest from mediævalism to socialism, and Mr. Bertrand Russell's neglect of mathematical logic in an attempt to discover the principles of social reconstruction. When Gogol wrote, industrial civilization had not yet uttered its birth-cry in Russia: the human adventure itself was the central fact for the novelist, and the existence of despotism was no more incompatible with the nice practice of Gogol's art than the existence of slavery in Athens was for Æschylus. Once Petrograd and Moscow began to grow, however, once our industrial civilization began to scatter its "prosperity"—i.e., its ash-piles and rubbish-heaps—over the face of nature, the same tendency became evident among Russian literary men that threatens to make classic work impossible in America. Tolstoy turns aside from his novels to write disquisitions upon land and property, and by the time the contemporary generation is reached, Artzybashev is complaining about the quality of life in Russia with a virulent bitterness that is hard to be found outside the pages of "Sanine" itself.

These facts, I submit, are germane to a discussion of the failure of present-day novelists in America to develop along lines which would win a permanent place for them in literature. None of us finds it easy, I had almost said possible, to stick faithfully to the work which we are best equipped to do. There is no integrity in our art because there is no integrity in our life. In front of us lies a mountain of refuge, and behind us what looks to be a doomed city. It is not from lack of spirit that we refuse to scale the heights. Mere humanity keeps us from leaving the city to its fate. I am, etc.,

New York City.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

THE UNITED STATES *V.* HAYWOOD, *ET AL.*

SIRS: I am very glad indeed that Mr. Brent Dow Allinson wrote you as he did, describing the issues raised by the conviction of the members of the Industrial Workers of the World in the case of *United States v. Haywood, et al.* Application to the Supreme Court of the United States for a writ of certiorari in this case, will be made on 14 February, and I think that it may be of interest to set before your readers the precise legal question which forms the defendants' principal contention.

The great bulk of the evidence which led to the indictment and conviction was secured in a series of raids undertaken by the Department of Justice in September, 1917. These raids were based upon search warrants, the invalidity of which was conceded by the Circuit Court of Appeals. The search warrants did not particularly describe the papers and property to be seized and were not based upon affidavits setting forth facts sufficient to show the existence of probable cause for the issuance of the search warrants. Ordinarily the invalidity of the search warrants would have been enough to invalidate the conviction. The Circuit Court of Appeals got around this difficulty in two ways:

In the first place, the defendants, subsequent to the raids, made a motion for the return of the papers and property seized and the prosecution made a counter-motion to impound. Both motions were based upon affidavits, and the court held that from these affidavits sufficient facts appeared to cure the defects in the original warrants and in the papers upon which they were issued. This clearly seems to be permitting the prosecution to profit from its own wrong, because if the papers had not been wrongfully seized in the first place, the prosecution would not have had the information necessary to validate the illegal warrants by means of the subsequent affidavits.

In the second place, the Circuit Court of Appeals held that since the papers and property seized under the invalid warrants belonged to the organization of the I. W. W. and were

seized from its offices, the right of the individual defendants to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unlawful searches and seizures had not been violated, because the papers and property did not belong to the individuals nor were they taken from their homes or private offices.

A study of the record will, I think, convince the reader that in this contention the Circuit Court of Appeals ignored the fact that a substantial part of the property thus seized, was the private property of certain defendants, and that at least some of it was seized from the homes of certain of the individual defendants. Moreover, all the property seized was used as evidence that *all* of the defendants had conspired together for an unlawful purpose. While it is doubtless true that the Constitution does not protect me against having my tools of crime seized from your custody, nevertheless if you and I are accused of a conspiracy and the seizure of my property is for the purpose of use as evidence against us both, the Constitutional protection becomes of an unsubstantial nature, to say the least.

The questions thus presented to the Supreme Court on the application for a writ of certiorari are of undoubtedly serious moment. The opinion of the Circuit Court of Appeals in respect to them is difficult to reconcile with certain recent decisions of the Supreme Court on similar questions. Outside of the questions of justice involved in this particular case, it would be highly desirable to have an authoritative ruling from the highest court in the land on the points involved. It is to be hoped that the Supreme Court will issue the writ and take the case under consideration. I am, etc.,
New York City.

ALBERT DE SILVER.

FREEDOM AND FAIR PLAY.

SIRS: Please continue your editorial on "The Right to Be Unreasonable" (published in your issue of 5 January) into "that disputed field within which the free action of one individual seems to interfere with the free action of another." My experience with the apostles of freedom in action has been such that I suspect them of ignoring the rules of the game to such an extent that it is almost impossible to meet them on their own ground or to play opposite them—if we start out to play chess together, they seem to claim the right to use checkers or to move the king as if he were a knight; and that certainly isn't fair. Surely there must be a way to be both fair and free, and that brings me back to where your editorial started—to the time when the "conceptions of human freedom and human rationality were bound together in a most intimate association." I find myself still clinging to that tradition in spite of experience and psycho-analysis. Please, therefore, say some more. I am, etc.,

NONPLUSED.

EVERY question that arises within this "disputed field where the free action of one individual seems to interfere with the free action of another" gives the parties concerned the opportunity to show whether or not they really believe in freedom. If we started in to play chess with a man who insisted on moving the king as though he were a knight, we would not attempt to force our opponent to play fairly—we would leave him to play by himself, freely. The problem here is a particularly easy one, but like all other problems in this field it calls for the application of a principle. The man who loathes compulsion and loves freedom at least has something to start from.—EDITORS.

AN ADMIRABLE SUGGESTION.

SIRS: The following notice is copied verbatim from the English weekly, *Common Sense*, of 25 December, 1920. I send it as of interest to all music-lovers, and as such I feel sure you will be glad to make it more widely known.

The centenary of Beethoven (born 16 December, 1770, died 26 March, 1827) is an international event which has, appropriately, called forth expressions of international feeling. In London two recitals of his works, given by Frederick Lamond, probably the finest living exponent of Beethoven on the piano, have drawn audiences that crowded the Queen's Hall to suffocation. One of the finest tributes that have been paid to the memory of a great man is that from M. Romain Rolland, in the *Populaire* of the eighteenth. M. Rolland is not only the author of a life of Beethoven: Beethoven is, in a sense, the hero of his superb *Jean-Christophe*. Rolland writes that at a time when Beethoven is being remembered throughout the entire world, in the country of his birth, the city where he died, millions are dying in the agony of cold starvation. Yet even in Vienna thousands have sung his immortal hymn to joy, with its refrain, "Ye millions, love one another." Love for a great man must, Rolland goes on, imply a sympathy with his spirit; it can not be a worship for his words, a forgetfulness of his ideas. Beethoven worked, and knew it, not for a country but for humanity. At this hour, the call of the hymn of joy is a call to save the suffering. Could not every city in which his memory is being celebrated, give the fruits of its celebrations to that city which has given the world so much joy, so much consolation, to the city of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert—to that Vienna, once queen of happy, smiling beauty, whose suffering makes it now only the more holy?

I am, etc.,

E. S.

A NOTE OF WARNING.

SIRS: The effect of race antagonism upon newspaper ethics in the town of New Bern, North Carolina, is pleasantly illumined by a letter and an accompanying clipping which came recently to the office of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People. The clipping, which is taken from the New Bern *Sun-Journal*, has for its caption: "New Bern Blacks Not In Sympathy With 'Helpers'" and goes on to say that local Negro leaders had made statements showing them to be out of sympathy with the efforts being made by the "northern association for the advancement of the coloured people." These efforts, as you perhaps know, consisted in the presentation to the House Committee on the Census of evidence showing the disfranchisement of Negro Americans in the presidential election of 1920. The local coloured leaders are quoted by the *Sun-Journal* as saying that the meddling of the Northern societies "causes only trouble," and that the efforts of the Northern philanthropists are looked upon "as more or less of a joke."

Against this choice example of New Bern, North Carolina journalism, must be weighed a letter written in answer to it by a group of coloured men of that town. In this letter, opposition to the Association for the Advancement of Coloured People on the part of the coloured people of New Bern is not only denied, but the association is termed "one of the great public benefactors of our century." I quote this not to exhibit praise of the association so much as to show the diversity of opinion between a white newspaper claiming to represent "leaders of the coloured people" and the leaders themselves. The letter, signed by ten leading coloured men of New Bern, continues:

The fact that Negroes in this section get along in comparative peace does not mean that they are dehumanized and that they feel no sympathy for their oppressed brethren, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, in other sections of the South, who are lynched sometimes for cause, sometimes for none, and brutally slaughtered at the polls as was the case in the recent election in Florida. . . . The white man is both judge and juror. And intelligent Negroes will never be contented and happy anywhere in our land as long as their brethren in other parts of it are subjected to outrages of injustice in the courts, lynching, or any other practices that are not in keeping with what has been called the characteristic American spirit of fair play and equal opportunity and protection for all.

It is interesting to follow the course of the local press in its comment on the Negro and the solemn and responsible duty of voting: One day it will be that intelligent Negroes do not want to vote. The article quoted in this paper states that 'none of them have been prevented from voting when they are entitled to that right.' In the light of that statement one wonders just what it is that entitles one to that right. Constitutional declarations are sufficiently clear, but it is perfectly plain that it takes a great deal more than the Constitution lays down to entitle one to that right as the requirements are administered in some quarters. For instance: During the last registration in New Bern Negroes were required to read the whole Constitution and then to write it from memory; and in several instances persons were flatly told that they could not register at all.

One notorious instance is that of a leading professional man who was given a transfer from one ward to another by one registrar, and who was flatly refused registration in the ward in which he then lived and in which he had lived for at least a year. The persons mentioned above as flatly refused registration, were in every way fitted to cast the ballot by possessions, intelligence and good character. There is no doubt that if one's face is black he is undesirable except for blood-shedding in time of war, and tax-paying in time of peace. The intelligent Negro, as every other intelligent freeman, is keenly sensible of the danger of the ballot box being dominated by an ignorant electorate; but he refuses to admit that whiteness of face gives a monopoly of intelligence or that blackness of face denotes a monopoly of ignorance. . . .

Very much out of harmony with this tendency of these just spirits was the needless abuse and insult so freely heaped upon the Negro in the recent political campaign. Equally so is the ever unfavourable and hate-begetting paragraphic and editorial sneering at this race, whose toil is the backbone of the industries and whose spendings are the life of trade.

A solemn and pressing question is: how long will the white race go on in a policy of double dealing and occasionalism with the Negro? Why drive a people who are trusting and loyal into a state of mind that is the fruitful soil of radicalism, mistrust and hate? Not the least of the effects of this policy is that upon the morals of the rising generation of whites whose sense of justice and fair play must be so severely damaged as to unfit them for their great part in world affairs. . . .

And, lastly, a word as to 'leaders of coloured people': These are not self-appointed nor are they crammed down our throats by others. We choose them for ourselves because we believe in them and their leading. We are exceedingly sensitive these days as to who they are and what they say. They must stand for racial peace, but racial peace with justice. They must be heralds of good-will to all people, including ourselves; and however much they may counsel patience and hope and trust in Almighty God and the slow but certain pathway of duty, they must not surrender the right of this race to think of itself in terms of full citizenship in this Republic to which the Negro has pledged allegiance in unrequited toil and heroes' blood shed in every war from the day of its birth until now.

I have quoted at such length from this letter of New Bern's coloured citizens that I feel further comment would be superfluous. I am, etc.,

New York City.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

BOOKS.

BLACK AND WHITE IN AFRICA.

"THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN"¹ is the apt and bitter title which Mr. Morel has given to his record of the fearful story of the white man's invasion of Africa. Mr. Morel writes in a clear, hard style, without prejudice or sentiment, and it will be impossible for any normal human being of white origin to read these two hundred and forty pages without a feeling of profound shame. From the north to the south, from the east to the west of Africa, the story is the same: evil beyond evil, oppression beyond oppression, massacre beyond massacre. Let none be deceived. The tragedy of that vast continent is the most terrible of all the tragedies in the human story, and as Mr. Morel only too clearly shows, the end is not yet. Generation succeeds generation and still deceit and outrage and worse go on, still injustice and cruelty are rampant, still no word of pity or relief is spoken.

Mr. Morel begins his indictment with a survey of the old slave-trading days and reveals in a few figures the enormous proportions assumed by this iniquitous traffic before the conscience of civilization awoke to a realization of its deadly evils. During the last twenty-five years of the eighteenth century the average number of slaves exported annually to America was seventy-four thousand. The imagination is appalled by the thought of what this means in human agony; one pictures the never-ending line of wretched creatures, ensnared by every conceivable means in their ancient forest homes, shackled and led down the coast to be transported, with all the horrors of the "middle passage," to the plantations of the new world.

But the white man's crimes against the Negro have not diminished in recent years. From the days of the slave-trade Mr. Morel turns to South Africa in late Victorian days. In the early 'eighties it was found that the land which was then held by the Matabeles was rich in gold. Immediately, Cecil Rhodes, with other men of his stamp, organized a mining company. The true story of their dealings with the unfortunate native king, Lobengula, is revealed in these pages. We follow the record of the Chartered Company as, velvet-gloved at first, its grip gradually tightened until the inevitable and desired consummation was brought about and the native inhabitants of what is now called Rhodesia were completely subjugated in the so-called Matabele war. In South-west Africa the same thing happened. That vast territory came into the hands of the Germans who, on obtaining possession, promptly proceeded to clean up the country with characteristic thoroughness. During 1903-1904 General von Trotha massacred practically every man, woman, and child of the Hereros tribe—the few who managed to escape after the "battle" of Waterberg fled into the desert where they perished. Meanwhile in Northern Africa the Governments of France, Italy and Spain were all eagerly joining in the task of "pacification by depopulation."

In his philosophic way Mr. Morel acknowledges that these outrages have as their basis the inevitable clash of racial expansion, but not even that can be said in extenuation of what was done by the Belgian Government to the natives of the Congo. In 1884 the "International African Association for the purpose of promoting the civilization and commerce of Africa and for other humane and benevolent purposes" gained the recognition of the great Powers, and Leopold, King of the Belgians, declared himself sovereign of the Congo. He immediately announced that the land and all that grew on it belonged to Belgium, and his officials were instructed to explain to the natives that henceforth they were not allowed to trade with the raw produce of their country for the simple reason that it no longer belonged to them! They were told that in the place of their old custom of barter it was now their duty to pay their taxes in the

form of labour, the one source of wealth which still remained in their possession. Once this system was inaugurated it spread over this part of Central Africa like a pestilence. Having no time allowed them for cultivating the land, the harassed, tortured natives died of starvation by the thousand. In a few years the population was reduced by ten million but still the extortions continued. Belgian officials were told that their promotion depended on the quantity of rubber procured, with the result that whenever the output fell off the officials had recourse to what in recent years we have come to know as a policy of frightfulness.

Mr. Morel, recognizes, of course, that it would be fantastic to expect Europe to withdraw from Africa now, even if such a course were proved to be desirable. Africa is a vast continent, rich and fertile, and sooner or later as the human race multiplies it will be called upon to yield its quota in the production of raw material for man's use. Mr. Morel believes that the riches of the country should be developed by the natives themselves, under an honest administration of white men who should perform their duties with a clear understanding that their presence in Africa is justified only in so far as they are able by their knowledge and organization to benefit and enrich the natives themselves.

In refutation of the argument that, when left to themselves, the natives of Africa are indolent and incapable of sustained effort, Mr. Morel cites the prosperity of the West coast of Africa under a benevolent British administration. Here the land has not been given over to white adventurers but is owned and worked by the natives. The export of cocoa from the Gold coast, valued at £471 in 1895, amounted to £2,484,218 in 1913, and this great increase, it appears, is due entirely to native labour on native-owned farms. In the neighbouring States of Ashanti, Nigeria and Sierra Leone, the annual export by the natives of palm oil and kernels is valued at several million pounds sterling. These facts show conclusively what can be achieved under a sympathetic European executive when the land is owned by the natives and worked by them for their own use. So we come at last to the root of the whole matter.

The land [says Mr. Morel], is the acid test as to whether or not the alien administrators appreciate their responsibilities. Divorce the African communities from the land and you reduce the units composing them to the level of wage-slaves. The African of the tropics finds the greatest difficulty in accommodating himself to the European system of monotonous, uninterrupted labour.

But it is to such a use that the white settler and the absentee capitalist and land-owner, in every case, would have the African put. The aims of such people are always to create a fluid population of landless men who can live only by toiling in the interests of their masters.

Mr. Harris's book, "Africa: Slave or Free?"² has not the weight and breadth and controlled power of Mr. Morel's. It would be called by the settlers of East Africa the book of a "flannel foot," and there would be some justification for the use of this expression. It is dull and semi-religious in its tone. In one chapter, however, Mr. Harris quotes from the evidence given to the "British East African Labour Commission," and these quotations confirm Mr. Morel's statements as to the attitude of the average European settler towards the idea of the natives retaining possession of their land. One gentleman is reported as saying: "If the reserves [native reservations] were cut down sufficiently, it would undoubtedly have the effect of turning off a large number of natives who would be made to work for a living." And this from Lord Delemere: "If the policy was to be continued that every native was to be a land-holder of a sufficient area on which to establish himself, then the question of obtaining a satisfactory labour-supply would never be settled." Why never settled? Because the native, left to himself, would be happy and economically self-sufficient.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

¹ "The Black Man's Burden." E. D. Morel. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

² "Africa: Slave or Free?" John H. Harris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

HORATIAN SATIRE.

PROFESSOR FISKE'S study of the relation between Lucilius and Horace is at once a valuable contribution to scholarship and an omen of danger to literary criticism. In the heart of the book, in chapters III-V, Professor Fiske has succeeded in pointing out a vast number of parallels between the fragmentary remains of Lucilius and the satires of Horace; and he has discussed in some detail the storehouse of Stoic and Cynic commonplace upon which both poets drew at will. In a field where conjecture is inevitable, it would be stupid to dwell upon the fact that many of his conjectures are no more than guesses, and that others are obvious errors. Despite the insecurity of the ground, Professor Fiske deserves our gratitude for this part of his work; it affords both illumination and amusement to see the young Horace consulting his dictionary of metaphors under the heading of (let us say) Avarice. "*Ecco!*" cries the poet, and forthwith does you his quattrain on the horrid likeness between avarice and dropsy—

*Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis et aquosus albo
Corpore languor.*

Horace, the satirist, was of course one of the long line of more or less urbane preachers whose knowledge of the art of homiletics came down to them from two great sources, from the sophists and from the writers of comedy. These sources are interestingly but unsystematically treated by Professor Fiske in his third chapter; it is to be regretted that he did not attempt to gather the threads which were in his hands and give a brief sketch of the social conditions which fostered the new science of character and spread throughout the Greek world Cynic and Stoic missionaries of morality. These missionaries, unlike many of their modern namesakes, were not seeking to replace a valid morality with another brand whose virtues they were bound to exaggerate; their effort was made in response to a real need. The men of the fourth century B. C. had pretty thoroughly lost their political *raison d'être*, except at Rome; the State, in which all their activities had once centred, was well advanced on the facile descent to autocracy, and had left its citizens morally out of work. They needed moral direction, and knew that they needed it. Hence the bewildering rapidity with which the new doctrines spread; it was extremely comforting to learn that happiness consisted not in getting what one desired, but in getting rid of the desire. By the emphasis which was thus laid upon individual salvation, Stoicism and Cynicism served usually as social anæsthetics; they damped down the fires of discontent by telling men to know their place and to keep it. "*Qui fit, Mæcenas?*" Horace asks in his first satire; "how comes it, Mæcenas, that everyone is discontented with his own lot and keeps his praises for those who tread some other path?"

Fortunately for their votaries, the Stoic and Cynic doctrines served another and a higher end. They did not merely urge men to be tranquil; they urged men to be free. It was, to be sure, a strictly internal and limited liberty that they advocated, but it produced noble men and noble literature; and Horace in his better moments rises to that height. "Nay, it is enough to ask Jupiter, who gives them and takes them away, that he grant life and subsistence; a balanced mind I will find for myself." Horace, then, in spite of his protest that he had taken the oath of allegiance to no school, was a missionary, and had a fairly definite body of doctrine to utter. But the manner in which he uttered it was not that which we associate with missionaries.

Horace announced that his purpose was to tell the truth and laugh while he was doing it. Horatian satire may therefore be defined as a moral substance with a comic coating; and Horace was almost as proud of his descent from the creators of Attic comedy as he was of his kinship to the Socratic writings. Professor Fiske is so keen upon showing that Horace (with one dreadful exception)

never transgressed the narrow but sacred bounds which set the "liberal jest" apart from scurrility, that he has a hard time deciding whether Horace really approved of the Old Comedy, typified by Aristophanes, or not. On one page (298) we find him saying that "the true satirist, Horace holds, will hark back, not to the spirit of the Old Comedy, but to that of the New"; but on another page (344), Horace turns out to be in sympathy with critics who "found in the humour of the Old Comedy a liberal spirit of jest in addition to the scurrilous wit condemned by Aristotle, and justified the presence of both." All this embarrassment might have been avoided simply by noting that Horace did not live in fifth-century Athens; it would not have been healthy for him to indulge in violent political satire. Here again Professor Fiske has failed to present an adequate synthesis. The kinship between Horace and the writers of Old and New Comedy does not lie in the respective doses of "scurrility" which their rhetorical theories required them to indulge in, but rather in the fact that they all performed the same social function. Satire is a branch of comedy, and it is the business of comedy to repress social eccentricities and to lop off the abnormal. Satire and comedy are as a rule quite impartial; they attack the abnormally good, a Socrates, just as readily as the abnormally bad, a Cleon. Professor Fiske should have used his Bergson.

But something must be said of the deplorable periphery which surrounds the useful centre of this study. Professor Fiske is not satisfied with showing in detail how Horace imitated Lucilius; he apotheosizes what he calls the "Classical Theory of Imitation," and insists that we must join in the worship of this idol if we would be saved. Somehow or other, the Christian virtues become entangled in the good old familiar theories of rhetorical imitation. Horace, in obedience to this holy principle, "takes up the literary cross," and submits to his critics "with a simplicity which reminds us of the Christian grace of humility." If Horace does remind us of Christian humility, it is because he does not cultivate it, and would have despised it if he had known of it. Horace does not think that he is a "slave of God." What little humility he has is the humility of a polite and ironical gentleman. But—to speak with due solemnity for a moment—the classical theories of imitation and decorum are no more of a panacea for life and literature than are the romantic theories. Professor Fiske announces that he is a disciple, in this crusade, of Professor Irving Babbitt. However that may be, he has simply caused the needle of literary criticism, which ought to remain steady, to register another violent oscillation. The human intellect is never more idly employed than when it is devising elaborate screens with which to protect itself from direct contact with reality. While the debate between classicism and romanticism goes on, reality quietly slips out of the heated and dusty hall. So long as artists are wise enough to know that they have something to learn from each other, they will imitate. They can not help imitating. But the deification of apprenticeship does not assist our understanding of the artist or of his work.

R. K. HACK.

OLD AGE ECHOES.

FOUR books of English verse have recently appeared, each of which is by a writer who has attained to a certain reputation and may be presumed to count upon a certain following. None of these, however, contains anything that need trouble the repose or excite the ardour of a serious student of poetry. They are all, in a sense, old age echoes, being the productions of men who have already in some way made a name for themselves, previous to the appearance of these volumes. The youngest of these men is now nearly sixty; the oldest of them all died in 1917, at the age of seventy-five. I may therefore group these books together under a common title.

The first of these books, "October," is by the Poet

¹ "Lucilius and Horace: a Study in the Classical Theory of Imitation." George Converse Fiske. University of Wisconsin. Madison.

¹ "October." Robert Bridges. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Laureate of England. Mr. Robert Bridges has already given to the world sufficient proofs of his ability as a poet, in the shape of many fine lyrics, the best of which are so experimental in form that they are worthy to be ranked as precursors of the present *vers-libre* movement; therefore we need not tax him very closely with the blunder he has committed in writing, or publishing, this volume. The fact remains that this book seems to me, despite all its real ingenuity in metrical experiment, frigid in utterance and uninteresting in theme. The four-line epigram on page sixteen, in which Mr. Bridges describes himself as "an old whitebeard of inane identity" displays the only passage of genuine feeling and individual utterance in the whole collection. "October" will be interesting to those who want to read all that a man has written, or those who are interested in Poets Laureate. To others it is dull and cold, like the month after which it is named.

The second book, "Flowers in the Grass," is by one who has already won his spurs as a novelist, and has only of recent years taken to the writing of verse. Mr. Hewlett is a very facile writer, and as those who have read "The Song of the Plow" are aware, he lays claim to being not only a poet, but a poet with a message, a rare and difficult rôle to fulfill in these days. Unfortunately for such claims, he never rises in style above a certain jog-trot facility, nor in thought above a sentimental liking for common people and their lives and ways. He essays pastoral poetry, but to write good pastoral poetry it is necessary to be, like Virgil or Burns or Mr. Robert Frost, a countryman oneself. Mr. Hewlett has neither the stiffness nor the hardness nor the intensity that comes from living the life which he elects to describe. "Flowers in the Grass" is pretty-pretty and maundering.

The third book with which we have to deal, "The Country Town," is by the late Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Mr. W. J. Courthope was the perfect type of the English scholar. He wrote a life of Pope and a History of English Poetry, neither of which I have read. He lived the life of an Oxford don of the old days, cherishing all the prejudices of that remote Victorian period now lost for ever; he stood for Church and Crown, private property, the Empire on which the sun never sets, and so forth. To read any page of this book is to be haunted with the melancholy thought that perhaps oblivion is better than survival. A correct maker of verses, an exact scholar, a minor poet in an age of greater poets, the writer of a poem which was praised by Ruskin but which few today have ever read or heard of—such was W. J. Courthope.

We turn from the melancholy contemplation of this book to Mr. Nevinson's "Lines of Life." Here the author is, at least, quite guiltless of attempting to write poetry. Mr. Nevinson is an able journalist and war-correspondent, who happens also to be able to make verses of a certain sort. After all, there is no harm in making verses, nor any special harm done in publishing them. Mr. Nevinson makes no claim to being a poet; he has entitled his book simply "Lines." He is right.

The publication of these books, in short, leads me to reflect whether Robert Browning was telling the truth when he wrote "Rabbi Ben Ezra"; also to wonder whether the shortage of paper is as acute as most people would have us believe.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

A PSYCHOLOGIST'S MEMORIES.

A VERY readable contribution to biographical literature and to the intellectual history of an important period is offered in Professor James Sully's volume of reminiscences, entitled "My Life and Friends."¹ There is no plumbing of psychological depths here; even the most vital of changes, the sloughing-off of home-bred evan-

gelical beliefs, is dismissed with barely a hint as to the emotional background inevitable in so significant a metamorphosis. Yet from the largely external story of the author's career many illuminating sidelights may be gleaned on that Victorian era in which his youth and manhood were cast, for his literary and academic labours threw him into contact with most of the contemporary giants.

Professor Sully's father was a merchant combining traits wellnigh always sundered outside of Anglo-Saxondom: Nonconformist piety in religion and ardent radicalism in politics. He looms as the dominant household influence, for of the mother we learn little or nothing. It comes as something of a shock to our ultra-modern consciousness that in those days even Dickens's novels were under the ban in religious homes, "as savouring of an impious kind of ridicule." But this rigidity was relaxed even in the author's boyhood, for old Sully was no bigot and had some sense of humour. Nevertheless, the age of twenty found James still of so distinctly religious a cast of mind that he chose a clergyman's calling and entered a denominational college by way of preparation. There, however, three years of study, more and more largely devoted to the liberal British philosophers, sapped the foundations of faith, as we are told with much frugality of detail. Nevertheless, a definite break was postponed while Sully resorted to Germany for the ostensible purpose of learning Hebrew under the renowned scholar and virulently anti-Prussian Hanoverian patriot, Ewald. The sojourn in Göttingen and the students' life there are described in charming fashion, so that one is willing to pardon one or two lapses into war-inspired triteness about Prussianism. Generally speaking, Sully must be credited with singular freedom from the provincialism of Old England. For the nobler aspects of German civilization he displays a whole-hearted admiration, and altogether his cultural equipment, with his unusual appreciation of music and varied linguistic accomplishments—including a reading knowledge of Norwegian—commands respect.

With the return to England came the definite abandonment of a minister's profession. There was a transitional period of tutoring at a Baptist College, with philosophy and literature looming larger and larger on Sully's horizon. He became a constant contributor to the leading periodicals, alternating metaphysical articles with lighter feuilletons. He gratified an interest in the physiological phases of psychology by a second visit to Germany—this time to Berlin in order to study under the great Helmholtz, who received the alien more graciously than might have been expected from his reputation for austerity. Out of all this writing and study there evolved books on psychology and philosophy with growing acceptance by the world of scholarship. After some initial disappointments he formed definite academic connexions, culminating in a chair at University College. Professorial life was tempered with jaunts to Norway or Italy; and the noble Nonconformist tradition would assert itself periodically in the championship of unpopular causes, as in the Bradlaugh case and the Boer war. This approximately represents all that Professor Sully vouchsafes to tell about his life.

His reminiscences of celebrities are disappointing in their exclusions. On Clifford, Galton and Helmholtz, to mention only a few great names, one might have expected a flood of new light, but nothing better than the merest glimpse is afforded here. On the other hand, the picture of Herbert Spencer is well done and adds some further illustrations of his incredible conceit and refined boorishness. The sketches of some lesser figures, such as Leslie Stephen and Henry Sidgwick, are likewise excellent. Perhaps best of all is the portrait of George Meredith ripening from a stage of over-exuberant frolicsomeness into the mellowed wisdom of old age.

Professor Sully himself, for all his personal reticences, stands clearly revealed: a courageous, balanced and cultured man, competent in his chosen field; one of the progressive rank and file which had experienced the

¹ "Flowers in the Grass." Maurice Hewlett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

² "The Country Town." W. J. Courthope. New York: Oxford University Press.

³ "Lines of Life." H. W. Nevinson. New York: Boni and Liveright.

⁴ "My Life and Friends; a Psychologist's Memories." James Sully. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

leavening influence of Continental culture, that formed the backbone of Victorian advanced thought and in a measure rendered possible the achievement of the epoch-makers.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN INDUSTRY.

IN retrospect, Mr. G. D. H. Cole's "Chaos and Order in Industry"¹ may come to be regarded as marking an important transition in the author's thinking. Every active mind responding to the changing scene of industrial evolution modifies its conclusions with almost daily shifts of emphasis; but when with such a mind is coupled a vivid power of exposition like Mr. Cole's and when the results of those shifts of emphasis are set forth without any mention of the subtle, intervening processes which lead to the final result, the superficial reader is likely to cry "inconsistency" or "compromise." Yet those who have carefully read Mr. Cole's earlier books will find nothing here that is fundamentally inconsistent with what has gone before; rather is this book the logical development of the author's earlier position. That quality of inconsistency, that element of compromise, which Mr. Cole's writing possesses is the distinguishing mark of the flexible, growing, and objective thinker.

In the present volume, the problems of the coal, railway, engineering, cotton, and building trades of Great Britain are considered with a view to discovering the next steps out of the present chaos toward a new industrial order—always assuming that order means the type of guild-organization about which Mr. Cole has written elsewhere so persuasively. The result of this inductive examination of Britain's basic industries is clarifying and constructive. Clearly Mr. Cole has moved further away from the "left." His analysis is not made in the bad temper of the disillusioned cynic or of the scoffing, incredulous believer that things must get worse before they can get better. Mr. Cole works with adequate regard for the influence of economic pressure but with due appreciation of the rôle of creative intelligence. Conceived in this spirit—as Mr. Cole's contributions increasingly are—this latest volume offers useful suggestions for others than those who are facing the industrial problems of Britain. Mr. Cole's point of view and many of his specific proposals have an international interest. In America the book deserves a wide reading. Until there appears a parallel study of America's basic industries in the light of the idea of self-government in industry, Mr. Cole's book will stand without a rival in this field.

In "The Frontier of Control"² Mr. Goodrich has taken one small but important corner of the field which Mr. Arthur Gleason has hitherto tilled for American readers with such good results and has submitted it to intensive cultivation. His report of the extent and character of manual workers' control in the conduct of affairs in British workshops, provides the first intimate study of this sector of working-class aggression. It leaves the abstractions of paper programmes behind and seeks to state the actual conditions, to reveal the *real-politik* of industry at those points where the workers are taking the offensive. The result is refreshing although, from a certain point of view, discouraging. Instances of British workers exercising control over the right to employment, selection standards, discharge, promotion and choice of foremen, for example, are surprisingly few. The reader finds himself wondering if Mr. Goodrich has really told the whole story; yet this can not be doubted when the range and quality of his investigations are taken into account.

The fact is that we in America have allowed a romantic glamour to attach to industrial conditions in England. Her literary superiority has long gone unquestioned among us and there has been an unconscious transference of the same attitude to other matters—among them the status of organized labour in shop-control. There is,

without a doubt, a certain real sense in which the labour-movement of England surpasses our own. It enrolls, for example, over one-half of the adult male workers, as compared with a membership here of not more than one in every five or six, and the leadership of British labour possesses, on the whole, a breadth of outlook and clearness of vision which are all too rare in this country.

But Mr. Goodrich does well to point out that, after all, the shift in the centre of gravity of industry comes about not merely when wages and hours have been collectively determined. It requires also an assumption in the factory and workshop of an attitude and a procedure which shall assure a full appreciation of the fact that the worker is not a means to somebody else's ends, but is himself an end—is himself entitled to satisfactions which are intrinsically justifiable. These can be secured, it appears, only when self-determination is extended to matters which are now handled by the management alone. Manifestly, in practice, there has been much less of this shop-control by British workers than is popularly supposed. Mr. Goodrich thus corrects our perspective and supplies a starting-point for further inquiry into methods of reconciling democratic shop-control with adequate discipline and productivity.

One final observation will occur to every reader of Mr. Goodrich's volume who is familiar with the usual American procedure in such matters as the selection, promotion, and discharge of employees. We have tended in this country to approach these questions less from the point of view of bringing about workers' control than from that of achieving effective and harmonious human relations in the workshop. Both in our collective agreements and to a remarkable extent in our managerial departments of industrial relations—or "personnel departments" as they are coming to be called—we have been developing a technique for the improvement and safe-guarding of these procedures which in practice gives much the same result as that occasionally demanded by British workers on "the frontier of control." This does not mean that this new technique of personnel administration, guided as it is by general managerial policy, is a sufficient substitute for full industrial self-determination; it means rather that in this country our experience is teaching us that the only sound technique is one that involves self-determination as well as the use of objective data such as intelligence tests, and other methods of quantitative measurement.

In short, Mr. Goodrich's book leaves one with the impression that, in the very matters of which he treats, England may have as much to learn from us in regard to recent experiments in industrial relations as we have to learn from her. One arrives at this conclusion with the greater confidence because Mr. Goodrich's exposition of the facts is so lucid, scholarly, and authoritative.

ORDWAY TEAD.

SHORTER NOTICES.

SOME love too late or love the wrong person. Some deserve well, but fail because of chance, or of some unimportant quality that the world rates high, and in the end actually achieve the inferiority to which common opinion dooms them. Others, with no greater gifts and perhaps with fewer scruples, climb up into the warm sun of wealth and general approval, and grow genial under it. This is the burden of Johan Bojer's "Life." Bojer loves the contrast of undeserved failure and undeserved success. He follows, with almost morbid fondness, the career of the sensitive reformer who, in trying to teach the world how to live, forgets how to live himself. Jörgen Holth, at twenty a poet, at forty "a pale, shabbily-dressed man, who slept and fared ill and was often fretful," is a type Bojer can not let alone. Life, as he sees it, reaches its brief apogee in the mating-season; the rest is commonly frustration and regret. He is discontented with something more profound than the defects of the social system; he is at outs with human nature and the laws of life. Perhaps because he is melancholy rather than defiant, there is a certain monotony in his writings that wearies the reader who does not pause for a judicious interval between his volumes.

R. L. D.

¹"Chaos and Order in Industry." G. D. H. Cole. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

²"The Frontier of Control." Carter L. Goodrich. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

¹"Life." Johan Bojer. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company.

MR. FRANK SHAY has done a useful service to the little theatre movement in indexing¹ its one-act plays and the books that deal with them. His bibliography comprehends the views of authorities as widely separated as Miss Emma Goldman and Professor Brander Matthews, while Mr. Pierre Loving's introduction sketches and defines the aspirations and achievements of the movement itself. Of the special examples² of the art here presented, "The Hero of Santa Maria," which was produced once upon a time by the Washington Square Players, stands squarely on the burly humour of its situation. The others might interest specialists as instances of a prevalent comedy-trick that is becoming a little hackneyed even on a stage so notoriously "new." The idea of the interplay of the fantastic or whimsical and the matter-of-fact, with the intention of burlesquing both moods at once, is a good one; but while thieves and snuffling Pierrots are doubtless delightful on a first acquaintance, these plays seem to prove that they can become as stale and lifeless as any antique villain in black mustachios.

J. M.

NINE stories by Greek writers comprise the second volume in the Interpreter's Series, which is devoted to the purpose of familiarizing American readers with the contemporary fiction of some of the less known European nations. The translations of these "Modern Greek Stories," made by Demetra Vaka and Aristides Phoutrides, afford one a bird's-eye view of a somewhat neglected field, and reveal a varied—if not always a sustained—achievement. The stories are marked by a considerable similarity in style—a fact which suggests that the translators may not have succeeded at all times in catching the flavour of the original. They are, for the most part, tales of peasant existence, somewhat drab and literal in their outlook upon life, and seldom edged with either humour or satire. One of the tales called "Sea" suggests Joseph Conrad in its theme, but is altogether without sweep in its treatment. Another, "The Sin of My Mother," might have come from the pen of Nexö. "The Frightened Soul" is a rather baffling study, though with passages of much beauty. Other volumes to follow in this series will introduce Jugo-Slav, Portuguese, Lithuanian and Ukrainian stories, hitherto untranslated.

L. B.

A NEW volume has recently been added to the series of treatises on mythology launched under the editorial guidance of Dr. Louis Herbert Gray.³ The task of dealing with North America had been allotted to Professor Hartley Burr Alexander, and, in the interests of a unified survey of the New World, it was wise to assign him the South American continent as well. He has bravely struggled with the vast and scattered literature of the subject, much of it not easily accessible, and has achieved a considerable measure of success. The plan of the series is primarily to furnish authentic descriptive accounts, and in the main, Professor Alexander has adhered to this scheme. Occasionally, however, he deviates sufficiently from this all too narrow path by indicating the fundamental points of similarity that link the mythologies of the two Western continents. There are doubtless many resemblances of a more specific nature that he could discuss in the light of his studies, and on behalf of the ethnographers' guild it may be hoped that he will soon see his way clear to a publication specially devoted to this subject, where Ehrenreich and, more recently, Koch-Grünberg have blazed the trail. In the meantime the full bibliography will be of great assistance to anyone venturing on such comparative investigations. On one point of general interest the author's judgment will not meet with universal acceptance. He insists with some emphasis on the superiority of Central American to Peruvian culture. Yet a great deal can be said on the other side. The Peruvians had learned to make bronze implements, while the Central Americans were hovering about the beginnings of a copper age and still living essentially in a neolithic condition of technology. Further, the progress made in both ceramics and textile arts by the Peruvians, apart from their admitted political sense, would incline more than one appraiser in their favour.

R. H. L.

THANKS to Tegner and Oehlenschläger, the outside world knows something about the literatures of Sweden and Denmark prior to that miraculous leap into international atten-

tion associated with the names of Ibsen, Björnson, Brandes, Jacobsen and Strindberg. No such knowledge exists concerning Norway, although the more famous singers of "Frithiof" and "Aladdin" had a worthy Norwegian contemporary and analogue in Henrik Wergeland. From his work and that of his hardly less noted rival, Johan Sebastian Welhaven, the road to Ibsen and Björnson is straight and clear. Full literary understanding of the latter requires some knowledge of their forbears, although popularly their works may be enjoyed without it. Still more, perhaps, a glimpse into the life and work of Wergeland will be valuable to the student of history and culture who wonders at the northern hill-country's sudden blossoming out of age-long silence and obscurity into such a wealth of artistic expression. Wergeland was more than a poet. He was one of those rare men in whom the innermost soul of a nation seems to find such triumphant embodiment that ever afterwards his fellow-countrymen are able to march toward their predestined goal with a more certain tread. And, in these days, when humanity seems to be trying to weave its many scattered fragments into a consistent and concerted whole, there is hardly any information more helpful than that which tells us how any nation, large or small, rich or poor, near or distant, has come to be what it is. For this reason, if for no other, welcome should be given to the little volume on Henrik Wergeland⁴ produced by Miss Illit Gröndahl, lecturer in Norwegian at the University of London. Its many good translations are particularly valuable not only for studying the beginnings of an important literature, but as illustrations of a national temperament.

Bj.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

DOES it still exist in our after-the-war New York, that little regiment of "writers for the booksellers" one used to encounter in the publishing offices, a strayed remnant of Grub Street and the eighteenth century? There were perhaps fifty of them in all, and together they drifted here and there with the tides of the literary world, like a mass of seaweed, settling for a few weeks or months wherever there was work to be done. Now it would be the revision of an encyclopædia, now of a dictionary, now the compilation of a library of business, or of a popular history in a dozen volumes, or of a set of manuals; and when one project had been carried through, there was usually another about to be taken up, and the company shuffled on their coats, bade farewell to the house of the encyclopædia and migrated to the house of the manuals, ready at a moment's notice to turn off the tap of Italian Painting, 1400-1600, and turn on the tap of Real Estate, Insurance and Banking. Twenty-five dollars a week was the fixed reward for having taken all knowledge as one's province.

It was a foreign legion, mainly—that goes without saying: a legion of decayed scholars, threadbare soldiers of fortune, renegades, illusionists, misfits, Englishmen who had lost caste, unfrocked Irish priests, young aspirants for the literary life, veterans who had been jostled and broken by our implacable, metallic, American world; nomads, in short, of the twilight of letters. What was your story, O'Shea, you who might have been a scholar-hermit in the Ireland of the saints? And yours, Donnelly, with your Barry Lyndon airs? And yours, Morgan, with those seven languages you had on the tip of your tongue and the exploits of your twenty years as a soldier in Morocco? Your story, Pierce, I never guessed, but I know your epitaph. You died one night alone in your shabby lodging; you were found dead; you had turned on the gas; you could not face your sixty-fifth birthday. But at least you had an epitaph; there was one to praise you. And it was old Clampett himself! "Yes," he said (I was standing by), "too bad about Pierce. *He had got our style so well!*" You were a success, Pierce, if you had only known it. You had triumphantly fulfilled the great American law—adaptation to environment.

AMONG all these erstwhile comrades there was only one whose secret I ever learned. It was the Nabob. In those

¹ "The Plays and Books of the Little Theatre." Frank Shay. With a preface by Pierre Loving. New York: The Theatre Crafts Exchange.

² "The Hero of Santa Maria," "The Wonder Hat." Kenneth Sawyer Goodman and Ben Hecht. "The Green Scarf." Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. "The Three Wishes." Thomas Wood Stevens. New York: Frank Shay. "Sham." Frank G. Tompkins. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Co.

³ "Modern Greek Stories." Translated by Demetra Vaka and Aristides Phoutrides. New York: Duffield and Co.

⁴ "The Mythology of All Races. Vol. XI: Latin-American." Hartley Burr Alexander. Boston: Marshall Jones Co.

⁵ "Henrik Wergeland, the Norwegian Poet." With translations by Illit Gröndahl. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Fenwick and Wade, Ltd.

days we were at work on the Button Encyclopædia, that pompous venture which, as all my little world knows, never advanced beyond the letter D. The Nabob was one of the writers in the section of Art. That is how we happened to be thrown together.

How different he was in appearance from all those other shabby, green-coated, round-shouldered, puffy-faced, shaggy-haired derelicts, with their broken shoes and their grizzled chins and their fuddled, hopeless faces! With his hawk's nose and his hawk's eye and the grey moustache that fell with such admirable curves from the beautifully shaven cheeks, he was the Nabob indeed. There was the checked suit that had been cut with such distinction, the apple-green scarf of exquisite silk held together with a ring, the gallant waistcoat; there were the spats, dishonoured on the sorriest day by no fleck of mud, and the glossy boots and the walking-stick with its chiselled silver band. But that was only one of his costumes; he had a dozen others; every morning he appeared more ducal than the morning before. One might have counted the days of the month by the Nabob's coats and the days of the year by his neckties. One found oneself fascinated by this kaleidoscope of elegances.

HE kept to himself, he was left to himself: the others were plainly in awe of him. Humiliated by life as they all were, they looked upon him as a creature of the upper air; it would have puzzled them that he should be toiling along in such a limbo if they had not assumed that he was doing it for some inexplicable amusement. It happened that I, however, having completed, in alphabetical progression, the articles on Avicenna, Buddhism, Chinese Literature, and Denmark (History), found myself at last the spokesman of art in Italy, Bernini, Bramante, Bronzino, Bruneschi! So the Nabob's eye fell on me, and two days later he spoke. "By the way," he added, after we had talked for a few minutes, "I have a new cap here. If you are going out of town over Sunday, won't you take it along and break it in for me?" It was news to me that caps were broken in. Besides, this was a cap of many colours that scarcely fitted into my philosophy of costume. I took it, however, for I felt vaguely that it was more than a cap, that it was a clue. The Nabob had begun to interest me.

It was not long after that that I went to see him. He had urged me several times to come, and at last we arranged for the Friday before Christmas. It was an icy night, and on the way I pictured to myself the cosy evening we were going to have, chatting about Bernini, Bramante, Bronzino, Bruneschi, in front of a roaring fire. It would be an ample old library, I thought to myself, an elderly bachelor's quiet haven, well-stocked with books, an Old Master or two, perhaps a Roman bust, certainly some fine engravings; above all, there would be conversation, there would be a sense of release into the mellow, impersonal backgrounds of literature and history. I like that sort of thing. I was full of anticipation.

I STOPPED. No. 13. It was one of those brick houses of respectable age in the neighbourhood of Stuyvesant Square, those monuments of domesticity that seem never to withdraw their protest against a fate that has made them the roosting-places of the city's birds of passage. My host himself came to the door. He led me up four flights of stairs. So this was where the Nabob lived! It was a tiny, oblong hall-bedroom; a servant's room, no doubt, in former days. There was an iron bedstead, a bureau, a gigantic wardrobe, two chairs; that was all. Not a book, not a picture. On the bureau stood a single photograph. I recognized the face: it was that of Dabney Randolph, the garrulous elderly son of a celebrated father, an indolent eccentric who had himself made a few spasmodic stabs at fame by publishing his reminiscences of the crowned heads with whom he had been thrown as a boy, as his father's son, in Europe. Oddly enough, there was something in the face—the same

hauteur, the same hawklike distinction—that reminded one of the Nabob himself. A gas-jet, high on the wall, threw a merciless glare over the little room. The Nabob opened a drawer, drew out the stub of a candle, lighted it and set it on the bureau: its flame was invisible, drowned in the oily flood of the gas. Then, as if to make me feel still more at home, he said, abruptly, "Why not call me Jack?"

OUR efforts to launch a conversation were not very successful. We tried Bernini, Bramante, Bronzino, Bruneschi; but I could see that the Nabob had something else on his mind. Was I the first person with whom, for years, he had had a chance to talk? At any rate, it was evident that, whatever his secret was, I was to hear it now, and the whole of it. The Nabob went to his bureau and came back with an armful of magazines and books. He opened them, one after another, and showed me this illustration and that. There he was, in every one of them; the hawk's nose, the hawk's eye, the grey moustache with its admirable curves; there was the Nabob, now in the rôle of the heroine's aristocratic father, now as the duke of this or that, now as the noble old Southern colonel, now as the Scottish earl; there was the Nabob, descending a marble stair in solitary state, or leading down the aisle a bride divinely fair, or holding a levee at some garden fête, or benignly saluting his daughter at the moment of her betrothal. Now he was thirty years old, now seventy, but always gallant, always the perfect cavalier. Providence had given him the face and bearing of a duke; for years, I gathered, he had shown his gratitude by sitting as a model for the illustrators.

THEN he unlocked his wardrobe. There were the coats that had dazzled us all in our dingy Grub Street limbo. There were the waistcoats, the walking-sticks, the piles of spats on the floor, the hats on the shelf, a dozen of them—exposed to the flare of the gas. One by one he took them out, he tried on this cap and that, he arrayed himself in a dozen coats, he turned about and walked up and down the little room which, by contrast, seemed to grow shabbier every moment, revealing all the splendours of his ruling passion. This was the glory for which the Nabob toiled every day, as an authority on art (he confessed to me that all he knew he had got out of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*), for which he saved and schemed, to which he came home at night and awoke in the morning. This was the Nabob's profession, his story, his secret, his life and his destiny.

FIVE years later I came back to New York. One day in Sixth Avenue I met Donnelly; it was from him I learned that the Nabob had died. "And what do you suppose?" he said. "Just about a month before, old Clappett passed the word around that there was going to be a new edition of the *Universal Biographical Dictionary*. For some reason or other he wanted the Nabob as his associate editor, but he was afraid the old man would want too much. You know we all used to think the Nabob was a great swell. However, Clappett was willing to pay five or six thousand and he thought there might be a chance of getting him for that. So he asked the Nabob to come and see him. The next day he turned up and Clappett began fishing to discover just how magnificent the Nabob's expectations were. He had a pleasant surprise, the kind of surprise that Clappett lives for. 'I usually get twenty-five dollars a week,' said the Nabob. 'I could hardly accept less than twenty.' But he did accept twenty."

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Fugitive Essays," by Josiah Royce. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

"The Sacred Wood," by T. S. Eliot. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Talking about Chicago—

The FREEMAN is a magazine, yet it has human feelings. It is deeply touched by the fact that its utterances provoke admirers to rhymed comment. The appended remarks and the poetic outburst are from The Periscope, a by no means submarine department conducted by Professor Keith Preston, exponent of dead languages in Northwestern University and of living ideas in Mr. Harry Hansen's weekly book page in the Chicago *Daily News*.

This week's issue of the *Freeman* is noteworthy for an editorial tribute to the tolerance and courtesy of the American press. Seeing itself as the infant Hercules, the *Freeman* records that few but friendly passes have been made toward its cradle. The editorial is rather "grownup" in tone. We submit the gist in words more appropriate to this enfant terrible:

Oh, these burning daily papers
May not be no holy tapers,
But they lives according to the lights they see.
I'm a reg'lar little Tartar
Which they might 've made a martyr,
But they've cert'nly been good to me!

When the New York Post an' Trib
Tried to kick me in the rib,
The yuther papers hollered, "Let 'm be!"
Though they might 've tried to jump me,
They have treated me like comp'ny,
Yep, they've cert'nly been good to me!

Chicago is a cultural centre in which the FREEMAN finds appreciation of a high order. Not all of its readers become lyric in their praise. That isn't Chicago's way. The subscriptions from that city, the increasing demand at newsstands and the correspondence from readers living there, however, attest the esteem in which the FREEMAN is held.

Chicago may or may not be the literary capital of these States, as Pan Mencken asserts in "On American Books," but it knows what it wants—and gets it. And it wants—and gets—the FREEMAN.

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